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PICTORIAL

LADIES WEEKLY

A NEWSPAPER FOR THE WOMEN OF NORTH AMERICA.

Library Department Kingston

"A woman's rank lies in the fulness of her womanhood: therein alone she is royal."—GEORGE ELIOT.

NO. 11 VOL. III. WHOLE NO. 115. TORONTO, FOR WEEK ENDING SATURDAY MARCH 12, 1892. PRICE FIVE CENTS A COPY. $2.00 PER YEAR.

Gossip About Royalty.

THE two hotels which have been engaged for the Queen's occupation during her stay at Costebelle are to be ready for Her Majesty on March 15, and all the guests who are now in them have received notice to leave, in order that there may be ample time to complete the alterations, the decorative work and the refurnishing of the Royal rooms. The Queen is to occupy the first-floor of the Hotel Costebelle, and her drawing-room, dining-room and large private sitting-room all look to the south, but her bedroom has a northern aspect, in accordance with her own special instructions. The paper is to be taken off the walls of the bedrooms, and they are to be lime-washed in light blue, while the bed and other furniture will be sent from Windsor Castle. Princess Beatrice and Prince Henry of Battenberg are to occupy the second floor of the hotel, where Lady Churchill, Sir Henry Ponsonby, and a few of the personal servants will be accommodated. A writing-room for Sir Henry is to be arranged in the immediate proximity of the Queen's own sitting-room, and messengers from London are to arrive and depart daily during Her Majesty's visit. There will be sixty persons in the Royal party, and several of the suite, as well as the servants, are to stay at the Hotel Ermitage.

THERE was one painful result of closing the theatres on the 14th February. The gracious act of theatrical managers in closing their theatres on the day of the Duke of Clarence's death loses a good deal of its grace when one learns of the paltry economy of which it was made the occasion. It appears that some managers withheld the night's wages from the poorer employes on whom they enforced idleness. This is mourning "on the cheap" with a vengeance—for the managers; but it was very real mourning for the poor workmen whose pay was docked. And the saving was made from the men who could least afford it, as the contracts of the more highly paid employes prevented such a managerial economy in their case. But it is something more than economy; it is gross injustice and—if it is proved that the men who paid for their employers' loyalty were engaged "by the week"—illegality.

REFERRING to the proposal that the money collected in order to give a wedding present to Princess May should be settled on her as a sort of future dower, the London *Standard* says: "To speak plainly, the mere idea of offering any young lady a sum of money as a solatium for the death of any one who was dearer to her than all the world is highly repugnant and distasteful. In the lower walks of life, it is true, it may sometimes be necessary to compensate a family for the loss of its bread-winner, or a woman for the loss of a husband, in this rough and crude fashion; but we suppose nobody imagines that even in the case of the poorest platelayer killed on the railway, or the humblest workman sacrificed by the negligence of an employer, the 'compensation' really brings balm to wounded feelings or mends a heart that is worth breaking. Still less can it be imagined that any girl in the position of the Princess May is to be consoled for the loss of her lover by receiving a good round sum of money. The very notion is so lacking in delicacy and good taste that we feel almost ashamed to set it forth in this blunt, unvarnished fashion."

ACCORDING to the latest news concerning the Empress of Austria, it is stated that she grows every day more and more eccentric. She has just returned to Vienna from Corfu with her daughter-in-law, the widowed Princess Stephanie, but owing to the influenza epidemic, the Court is transferred to Godollo. The Empress is accustomed to take long "constitutionals" every day, accompanied only by an enormous dog. The Emperor has forbidden these excursions, the doctors declaring that Her Majesty's symptoms are serious, showing signs of the hereditary complaint of the family. As is well-known, the Empress's sister, the Duchess d'Alencon, was for some time shut up in *une maison de sante* in Austria; while the other sister, Maria Sofia, ex-Queen of Naples, has always been noted for her eccentricity, to call it by a mild name.

"Tear Handkerchief."

"A beautiful and peculiar custom still prevails in some parts of the Tyrol," writes a tourist. "When a girl is going to be married, before she leaves her home to go to the church, her mother gives her a handkerchief, which is called the 'tear handkerchief' It is made of newly spun linen and has never been used. It is with this that she dries her tears when she leave her father's house and when

MISS MAUDE GONNE

she stands at the altar. After the marriage is over and the bride has gone with her husband to their new home, she folds up the handkerchief and places it unwashed in the linen closet where it remains untouched. Up to now it has done only one half its duty. Children are born, grow up, marry, and go away to their new homes, each daughter receiving a tear handkerchief from the mother. Her own still remains where it was placed in the linen closet the day of her marriage. Generations come and go. The once young, rosy bride has become a wrinkled old woman. She may have outlived her husband and all her children. All her old friends may have died off, and yet that last present she received from her mother has not fulfilled its object. It comes at last, though—at last the weary eyelids close for their long sleep, and the tired, wrinkled hands are folded over the pulseless heart. And then the tear handkerchief is taken from the long resting place and spread over the placid features of the dead. This may have made you feel somewhat sad—even brought the tears to your eyes, as it did to mine when I first heard it, but it is a beautiful idea for all that."

Overwork and Worry.

The very worst forms of nervous exhaustion are brought on slowly. The brain becomes unconscious, deadened to the sense of tiredness that is first experienced from over-exertion, and does not notice that its powers are gradually being used up. Work that is done without emotional excitement is much less liable to bring about this condition than that which is accomplished by an exaltation of the feelings. Hence the stock-gambler, the cotton speculator, and people of that sort, are those who furnish some of the worst cases of this sort. Speculation, no matter with what it deals, may not call for much mental and physical work, but the emotional excitement is tremendous, and it is this that causes nervous exhaustion. Alternations of strong emotions are especially injurious.

Calm, intellectual work does little harm, even if prolonged, provided sufficient food is taken into the blood, and enough sleep is had. But all intellectual workers do more or less of their labor under excitement. This latter is what does the damage. Some can work only by fits and starts, and still manage to accomplish a great deal within a given time. Others are, by nature, plodding workers, who are capable of a continuous output of intellectual energy. Whether "steady-goers" or paroxysmal workers, the notes of warning that too much is being done are about the same. A few of the more important of these indications will be given; a full discussion of all of them would require more space than can be devoted to them at this time.

One of the first to be noticed is excessive irritability or nervousness. The least discord or unnecessary effort is painful to the overwrought nerves. This indicates no very dangerous state of affairs, for the more profound disturbances benumb the brain, and such trivial matters pass without notice. Headache is another symptom of the same sort. Both of these drive the patient to seek the rest he needs, and thus act as preventatives of the more serious mischief. Unpleasant sensations in the head, not headache, are of far more serious moment. These are a feeling of weight on the top of the head; sensations as of a band compressing the forehead; or an indescribable sense of distress that is almost unendurable, although not described as an "ache." These, following long continued effort of the mind, with or without excitement, should always receive attention. They show that the danger-line has been reached. Obstinate wakefulness is something that urgently demands medical advice. It is the most common precursor of insanity. Slight loss of control over some group or groups of muscles; numbness in one or more limbs; momentary loss of consciousness; failure of the memory; inability to fix the attention; sudden momentary loss of power in an arm or lower limb; each of these denotes that the time for temporizing is over. They are forewarnings of serious disease and must not be neglected.

THE Irish are said to be the finest judges of tea in the world. A tea taster must be endowed with a very sharp palate, for he sometimes has to sample three hundred in the course of a day. The Irish are natural-born connoiseurs, although England is the centre of the tea trade.

SORROW is not an accident occurring now and then. It is the woof which is woven into the warp of life, and he who has not discerned the divine sacredness of sorrow, and the profound meaning which is concealed in pain, has yet to learn what life is. The cross, manifested as the necessity of the highest life, alone interprets it.

THE

Ladies Pictorial Weekly.

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Special Notice.

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An extra charge will be made for boxing and packing charges on all prizes and premiums given by us.

IMPORTANT TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.

We shall be glad to receive from photographers and artists in all parts of the country photographs and sketches of persons, objects, and events of interest; and for such as may be used satisfactory compensation will be made. To save time, photographs can be sent unmounted.

Woman Suffrage.

Some very novel ideas on this subject were advanced at the recent "Hearing before the United States Senate Committee on Woman Suffrage." The speaker from Nebraska, Mrs. Clara Bewick Colby, gives an exhaustive account of the good woman suffrage is doing in Wyoming. Much badly-needed reform has been there worked out. A good system of protection to women and care of the safe-guard of the state, the home, has been inaugurated and the government thus supported by women-voters has a motherly care over even the minor matters. We learn that Wyoming cares more about the marriage of its daughters than any other western state, and requires parental consent for the marriage of any girl under twenty-one, and further this astonishing statement is made: "In 1880 there were no idiots in Wyoming, an astonishing fact considering that at that time there were 29,049 idiots in the United States, of whom it may be casually mentioned 62 per cent. were male idiots, and only 38 per cent. female idiots. There were 189,503 insane in the United States but there were but three insane persons in Wyoming in 1880, all men. The preponderance of insanity among married women is usually attributed to the monotony of their lives, and since this is much relieved by their participation in politics, we should expect to find as a physical effect a decreased proportion of insane women where Woman Suffrage prevailed. Wyoming being the only western state in which no insane women were to be found in 1880 justifies our expectation. We are also informed that the rate of divorce has increased in the United States 794 per cent., three times the ratio of the increase of population, and in the group of western states, omitting Wyoming, it has increased 436.7 per cent., almost four times the average increase of population, while in Wyoming the increase in divorce is less than 50 per cent. that of the population. The same speaker ends up with these conclusions that the twenty-two years of woman suffrage have been satisfactory to the citizens of Wyoming; that they have conduced to good order in the elections and to the purity of politics; that the educational system is improved, and that teachers are paid without regard to sex; that Wyoming stands alone in showing a decreased proportion of crime and divorce; and that it has elevated the personal character of both sexes, what possible good is there left to speak of as coming to the State from suffrage save its position as the van guard of progress and human freedom. Many eloquent speakers addressed the Senate on this subject and one of them, Mrs. Lide Merriweather of Tennessee, said with deep emotion: "Year after year we have journeyed to the Mecca of the petitioner, the Legislative hall. There we have asked protection for our boys from the temptation of the open saloon; we have asked that around our baby girls, the wall of protection might be raised, at least a little higher than ten years; we have asked for reform schools for young boys, where they should not be thrown in daily contact with old and hardened criminals. Year after year we have plead for better conditions for the children, to whom we have given the might of our love, the strength and labor of our lives; and in not one instance has prayer been granted." Another member of the delegation was Mrs. Greenleaf of New York, whose pathetic appeal will echo in every woman's heart. She speaks of her first sight of Washington. She says: "There rose Washington's Monument, so simple, yet so grand, and I recalled the facts that in its composition it fitly represented the Union of the States, and that the pause in its construction but made possible a more perfect completion on a sounder basis. My heart swelled, and my eyes overflowed as I thought of the grand idea embodied in this Government, the possibilities of this country's future. The lines of "My country, 'tis of thee," rose to my lips, but they died there.

Whence came my right to speak those words? True, I was born here; true, I was taught from my earliest youth to repeat the glorious words of Thomas Jefferson, Roger Sherman, and other patriots. But when I grew to womanhood I had to learn the bitter lesson that these words applied only to men; that I simply counted but as one in the population; that I must submit to be governed by laws in the selection of whose makers I had no choice; that my consent to be governed would never be asked; that for my taxation there would be no representation; that so far as my right to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness" was concerned, others must judge for me; that I had no voice for myself; that I was a woman without a country, and only on the plane of political equality with the insane, the idiot, pauper, Indians not taxed, the criminal, and the unnaturalized foreigner." We should like to cast more of their words abroad and we are glad to know that the movement is everywhere awakening such continuous and enthusiastic interest.

Visitors to the Sanctum.

I fell asleep in a lady's boudoir the other evening. I was not the only visitor staying in the house. Two of the girls, and great friends, also enjoying its hospitality, came in, and not noticing me at first, began to talk. When they did they remarked carelessly:

"Oh, it's only the Bear," and proceeded with their conversation.

I was much interested, and spent the rest of the night writing out what they had said. I give it here as a small one-act drama. I have their permission to do so as both were sure, with wide open eyes and mouths, that they had said nothing they would mind seeing in print. I think they forget some of it.

BEFORE THE GRATE.

(*Laura and Mabel in dressing-gowns and bedroom slippers lounging on a rug in front of a grate fire.*)

Mabel—"Now let's have a nice cosy talk before we go to bed."

Laura—"Yes, let's. Have a pillow?" (*Gives a big cushion to Mabel and puts another at her own back.*) "We never get a chance during the day."

Mabel: "My dear girl, *you* do nothing else but talk."

Laura: "But I mean seriously, you know, about great questions and theories; not about people as most girls do."

Mabel: "Yes, isn't it disgusting the way some girls go on. They cannot talk of anything but the last ball and their young men."

Laura: Horrid! Now we'll be different. Let us do this every evening—sit before the fire just before we go to bed and have a nice intellectual talk!"

Mabel: "Yes, let's. Now you begin to-night. What shall we talk about?"

Laura: "Something deep like science or religion or—"

Mabel: "The flounce on my new gown. It's deep enough I'm sure, and I told Madame—"

Laura: "Don't be silly. Oh, I'll tell you. Suppose we talk about Evolution? I know lots about that."

Mabel: "So do I. Just the thing." (*Settles herself back on her cushion*). "What do you think about it, anyway?"

Laura: "Well, of course it's all absurd, only it's all the rage. But we couldn't be descended from monkeys, you know. Why, they are not in the least bit like us. They live out in the woods, and don't wear any clothes or anything. Why, it's ridiculous!"

Mabel: "Yes, isn't it? Besides, I know all about my grandfathers away back ever so far."

Laura: "So do I. And besides, we have no tails and they have."

Mabel: "Who? Our grandfathers?"

Laura: "No, you silly, the monkeys. Although I'd just as soon have a monkey for a grandfather as have none at all. Jack says that half the people in our set have none to speak of."

Mabel: "Yes, and you know, Laura, that some people do look like monkeys; look at—"

Laura (*excitedly*): Little Ponsonby, for instance. Why, last night I had a waltz with him and—it was absurd, I know—but really during the whole time the band was playing I kept expecting him to go up the wall after pennies."

Mabel: "Did you dance with *him*? Why, I wouldn't for anything. He is so short and ugly."

Laura: "I couldn't help myself. He asked me before mamma, and she is so funny; she won't let me refuse unless I am really engaged to someone else—so old-fashioned, you know."

Mabel: "Gracious! I'm glad mother doesn't go out. Tom Beemer never notices what I do. Why, last night I danced three dances in succession with Arthur Clarkson and sat out two others. Oh, isn't he sweet."

Laura: "I like Tom better."

Mabel: "Tom has awfully nice manners, but he's not so—so *blase*, I suppose; and unless a man is that he is nowhere."

Laura: "They say that Tom is engaged to that Miss Chisholm we met last year at the Thousand Islands."

Mabel: "Really? I remember how oddly she dressed. Poor Tom!"

Laura: "She didn't dress at all."

Mabel: "My dear Laura!"

Laura: "Don't be vulgar; you know what I mean. Why, fancy, she wore a high-necked gown to the Edgar's and had roses in her hair!"

Mabel: "Did she really? Awfully bad form!—but some girls have such luck. I can not see what Tom sees in her."

Laura: "One never can, you know. Harry Foster said to me last night—Oh, Mabel, did you ever see such eyes as his? When he looks at me I just feel as if I couldn't bear it."

Mabel: "Oh, I don't know! He is so different from the rest, so quiet and yet so strong, outwardly hard but inwardly—"

Laura: Soft; like a crab, eh, Laura?"

Laura: "Ugh, you wretch! You have no feeling."

Mabel: "Oh yes I have, and I feel that it is getting late. Come on to bed."

Laura (*yawning*): "I *am* sleepy; but what a nice talk we have had! Let's do this every night. It's *so* improving."

Mabel: "Yes, but I say, Laura, keep it dark. I don't want to be called a blue stocking. People make such fun of girls who are intellectual. Good night, dear. (*They kiss each other.*)

Laura (*sleepily*): "Good night."

I see lying on the Sanctum desk the proof sheets of what promises to be a very charming volume of verse by John Allister Currie. It is called "A Quartette of Lovers," and is being published by Williamson's. The author has a true poetic touch, and there is an impassioned note in his poems that reaches the heart. The style is both dainty and strong; but more of it hereafter when the book appears.

I sent Flips to interview a learned Professor the other day. I was very busy, and she was unusually obliging, so she went. This is her report of the interview as the Sanctum heard it on her return:

"Well, I am back alive," she said, sinking into my chair and taking up a box of candies which had been sent in for review, "and of all hateful creatures you're the hatefullest. What do you mean by sending me to see that man when you knew I didn't know anything about the subject. Why didn't you tell me what was in that fool of a letter of introduction? Ugh, you wretch, you! But I got even with you."

My heart sank.

"What ever did you do, Flips?"

"Do! Good gracious, what was there to do? He read the letter and said he would be happy to do what you wished, and I said thank you and he said I was welcome, and then I sat there. I didn't know what to say next, and there I sat looking like a fool. I didn't want to come away without finding out something about him after all you said, and he didn't seem to want to tell me anything about himself. So I finally picked myself together and said:

"Have you been at the Grand this week, Professor ——?"

"And then I remembered that he was a Professor of theology and I just died on the spot."

I groaned in utter despair and hopelessness.

"And if I am here now apparently alive," Flips went on, "it is not I, it is my ghost, for I died, as I say, simply curled up and died when I reflected what my embarrassment had led me into saying. He did not answer for a moment, and then he suggested that his time was much occupied with other matters. So I rushed wildly on:

"You do a great deal of writing, do you not?"

"And he admitted that he did a little, and I said that was very nice for him."

"Oh, Flips!" I groaned.

"And then he asked me whether I had followed the recent newspaper controversy in regard to certain theological questions in which he was deeply interested—you know what he meant, I don't—and I said heartily:

"Well, rather."

"Then he looked meditatively at the ceiling and said:

"Rather—let me see—I have lived so long in the country that some phrases bewilder me—I seem to lose their significance—rather—do you mean——?"

"By this time I was simply squirming, and concluding rapidly that a trap-door would be neither large enough nor sudden enough, when he went on:

"And you are a graduate from the University?"

"I was so wretched that before I thought I said 'Yes.' And then a happy thought struck me, and I remarked that the University was a dreadfully slangy place, and he said:

"Indeed? You surprise me!"

"The most violent desire I now had was for an earthquake, and then he wanted to know what year I graduated in, and I stammered around and named somewhere about ten years back. He looked politely surprised and said:

"Then if I should say you were *rather* a graduate would I be right?"

"And I am happy to tell you that at this juncture, goaded as I was to despair, I plucked up courage and informed the Professor that I was Scotch, Presbyterian and a Reformer. Then he gave up the unequal contest and retired from the field. Then I was able to gather together my scattered remnants of self-respect and leave by the ordinary modes of egress."

"You tell a story well, Flips," I remarked, "what an invaluable old diner-out of a bachelor you would have made!"

"Every word of that is true," she snapped at me.

"No doubt," I said ironically.

"Well, of all the ingratitude I ever heard! You miserable specimen, you!" And she flounced off in a rage, still holding my box of Ford's, however. Coming back she stuck her head in the door. "I forgot to tell you that as I was leaving the Professor's house I left your card on the table. He! he!" and pursued by both dogs she flew down the stairs.

Madge Robertson

Literature.

"The world of books is still the world I write."—MRS. BROWNING.

With the Magazines.

The March number of the *New England Magazine* holds on the title page the name known and dear to every girl's heart, Louisa May Alcott. Here are "Recollections" of her by Maria Porter, whose intimate acquaintanceship with the Alcott family makes her article very readable and valuable. Many touching little anecdotes are told of the author of "Little Women," and some very fine photographs of her are given. A novel departure is made in the article on "America in Early English Literature" by Isac Basset Choate. The capital illustrations which delight the readers of the *New England Magazine* from month to month are noticed particularly in "Bryant's New England Home" by Henrietta S. Nahmer, and "Milwaukee" by the ever-popular writer Captain Charles King. Certainly the most attractively illustrated bit of writing is William Dana Orcull's "Clubs and Club Life at Harvard. The pictures of the students as taking part in the various theatrical societies as ballet-girls and heroines of all kinds is unusual enough to be more than ordinarily striking. "Negro Camp Melodies" by Henry Cleveland Wood, gives words and music and all. The stories are Mary J. Garland's "Aunt Martha's Secretary" and "A Providential Leading" by Mira Clarke Parsons.

Current History is now in its fourth quarter and is more than keeping up the promise of the first issue. The silver bow is now a bright disk and on it are reflected all the news of the world. No one who wants to keep up with the events of the year can afford to do without *Current History*. There is a capital article on "Canadian affairs." The frontispiece illustration is a charming view of the city of Ely.

The North American Review for March discusses the issues of the Presidential Campaign in articles by well-known governors and politicians. The articles perhaps of most interest to women-readers are Dr. Cyrus Edson's "Do we Live too Fast?"; "The World's Columbian Exposition by the Director-General, Dorman B. Eaton, the second paper on "Olympian Religion" by Mr. Gladstone, and "Consumption at Health Resorts" by Dr. Walter F. Chappell. *The North American* is a very much alive publication and is almost as speedy as a newspaper in keeping up with the times.

Short Stories, the sister-publication of *Current Literature*, has no less than seven "special features" for this month. One of the particular attractions of *Short Stories* is the re-printing of famous stories. March number contains "The Lianhan Shee" by Will Carlton. The Magazine contains nothing but short stories and only the best of these. They are in the main reprints from the story-publishing papers of the world. Some original etchings are always in each issue and one finds frequently translations of the tales of all lands and from all languages. *Short Stories* is certainly an addition to any home. A very bright bit of writing, the cleverest in fact, of the whole collection is, this month a story called "A Ramble with Eulogia" by Gertrude Franklin Atherton. There are no less than fifteen stories in the issue and all of great merit.

Miss Ingelow and Her Work.

Miss Jean Ingelow, who lives with her brother at Kensington, has given an interviewer for the London *Woman's Herald* some particulars of her career and work. In summer she sits in a beautiful conservatory, from the garden behind which a view is obtained of the grand old trees in Holland Park. When the winter comes Miss Ingelow retreats to the dining-room, 'where her writing occupies her some two or three hours in the morning, for 'she only writes when the spirit moves her.'

Miss Ingelow, who is a native of Lincolnshire, is the daughter of a banker. There were eleven children, and she was not esteemed the cleverest by any means. 'My favorite retreat,' said the poetess 'was a lofty room in the old house, where there was a low window which overlooked the river. The windows had the good old-fashioned shutters which folded back against the walls. I would open these shutters and write up verses and songs on them and fold them back again. My mother came in one day and discovered them; many of them are transmitted to paper and preserved.'

It was Miss Ingelow's brother who helped her to publish her first volume of poems. 'He offered to contribute to have the MSS. printed, and my mother went with me to the publisher's (Mr. Longman). He was most kind, and took the matter up warmly. In the first year four editions of 1000 copies each were sold, and this first volume has been republished again and yet again, until it has reached its twenty-sixth edition.'

Miss Ingelow's outspoken frankness on women's rights seems to have rather staggered the interviewer. 'I don't approve of them at all,' said Miss Ingelow. 'We cannot have rights and privileges, and I prefer privileges. I have got on very well without so-called rights; besides, I think we have as many rights as we need, and we can do pretty well what we choose. We shall lose our privileges when we demand our rights by force.'

Mr. Rudyard Kipling and his Critics.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling has written for the entertainment of Anglo-Indians a characteristic narrative of his recent visit to Lahore, the city in which he spent no small part of his early life. It is prefaced with some irregular stanzas beginning—

"The Lord shall change the hearts of men,
The earth and sky and shore;
But I'll go back to my own folk
And be with my kin once more."

and is full of glimpses of Indian life. Lahore, with its houses piled on houses, and "its sunlit river bed of people whose daily passage has oil-polished the wooden posts of the shop board, smoothed the angles of the brickwork, and faced the very ground with glair as a glacier polishes a rock," furnishes the best picture. Mr. Kipling is impatient with those who complain that he does not describe the India that the English mostly know. "How," he asks, "could a Swede from the Baltic write of Algiers?" The Punjab, however, comes before us in this narrative of "a home-sick pilgrim" with all the brilliant colour in which it abounds. It is in Lahore that there returns to him the memory of the murmurs of "a little city called London," a city "where there is neither light, nor color, nor air." Some one, it seems, "over there" has accused him of "extravagance of description." But "what would *he* write," he scornfully asks, "if he were here now—between that broken hatted, unbuttoned English loafer slinking rednosed in the sunshine and the dusty swaying plantain leaves of the Badami Bagh—here where I stand looking up at the heaped-up roofs of the city, the proud arch of the gateway, and the torrent of color that rolls beneath it, what would *he* write? And if he had seen that Jubilee night '87, when the city of Lahore flamed out of the dusk as a jewelled queen from the door of the palace of night—dome, minaret bastion wall, and house-front drawn in dotted fire, what would he have said of extravagance then? But who," he asks "can show a blind man colour?"

Written for the LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

The Month of March.

March is again here and the only comforting fact in its being here, is, that April follows closely in its wake. For all the disagreeable seasons of the whole year, March certainly bears off the palm. In England, November is considered the gloomiest month in all the year. It is said there are more suicides committed there during that month than any other, owing solely to the inclemency of the weather. But our Novembers are overwhelmingly pleasant in comparison with March. In fact, occasionally it is one of the most delightful months in the year, when we are favored with an Indian summer. But March with its storms and mud, wind and rain, blowing and blustering, like a choleric old man, with an occasional dash of fickle sunshine that some croaking old weather prophet "knows is a storm binder" with a knowing shake of his hoary locks. And his prophecy generally proves true, for March sunshine is a very uncertain tantalizing pleasure. One never knows what to expect next. When you retire at night, you may awake to find your roof flown from over your heads, by an illmannered cyclone; or to find five or six feet of snow, with a picturesque resemblance of mid-winter, but you realize that it means as many feet of solid mud, as a consequence, and it loses its picturesqueness somewhat thereby. Usually, you are favored with a little of every description of weather, that any other month in the four seasons lays claim to as their own individually; besides a great deal of weather that no other month would be guilty of having anything to do with. And, as for its being bad form, to discuss the weather, it is literally an impossibility not to discuss it, for it is a topic that obtrusively thrusts itself at you, at every turn. The misery you undergo at its hands is so real all the time, you cannot help talking about it. It is aggressively uppermost in your thoughts, naturally it comes out. You cannot indulge in a quiet stroll either constitutionally, for pleasure, or for business without some mishaps occurring, either smaller or greater, sometimes they are ludicrous, sometimes pathetic. You usually feel yourself that they are pathetic. When you laugh at the man chasing the hat down the street with his cane, and point him out to your companion, "To just see how funny that man does look," and all the people going home from church stop and watch him, and think it is funny too. You are all getting very much excited over the race when happening to put up your hand, you find it is your own hat causing all of that levity. And when that man kindly and politely returns the obnoxious and forlorn looking specimen of millinery to you, you feel that there is nothing ludicrous about it but that it is very pathetic to have your best hat rolled over, and over, in the mud in that style. And you are firmly convinced, that it truly is, "an ill wind that blows nobody any good," and surely, that wind is a March one.

You invariably come in after a super-human struggle to go down street and back, with your back hair down, and your carefully curled bangs blown out so that you closely resemble "Wild Moll of the Woods." Your best silk umbrella has turned wrong side out several times and come out of the fray with a few broken ribs, and you are thankful for that small favor. For an old lady's umbrella in front of you went sailing off over the way, and was a hopeless wreck by the time she recovered it. There are a great many good umbrellas that depart this life during March, and everybody always looks so out of humor all through March, even if they do not lose an umbrella. The weather, of course it is the weather, seems to have a little way of stirring up even the sweetest of dispositions, and making folks feel testy. Even the stray blue-birds, and robins, generally have such a disconsolate time of it, that their peaceful breasts must be filled with the most withering scorn and contempt for March and her faithlessness. After decoying them here as she often does, with the prospect of unlimited sunshine, then to turn round and treat them to a regular December snow storm, or peradventure a cyclone. Well, there are a good many vain and fleeting illusions in this transitory life! Even robins have to find that out. But there is another thing decidedly more aggravating than a snow-storm for the robins. Besides, all the other evils connected with and appertaining to a March wind: There is nothing any more trying to your feelings, or plays greater havoc with your temper. You are madder than the proverbial March hare, every time you look in your mirror, and behold those ever accumulating and aggressively prominent brown freckles that that March wind is fetching to light, and that gaze back at you with sturdy defiance written on the face of every one of them. They fairly shriek at you, "Its no use, for you cannot help yourself, or hide our light under a bushel, or beneath that spotted face veil that you vainly endeavor to cover *us* up with and are ruining your eyes thereby. Our friends, the March winds, and sun carries too many guns for *you*." They say there is an ounce of beauty beneath every freckle. It may be so, and if it is, and you do not happen to possess any too great an amount of the article in question, in the first place, you do not feel as if you could afford to lose more than a few pounds of it without being uncomfortably aware of its loss. Of course March certainly is teeming with trials, innumerable and unmentionable in a limited space. But still it may be blessed with its good points too. There is always some good connected with nearly everything, even evil occasionally. And in spite of its wind, rain, mud, blowing and blustering, freckles, country roads etc., yet I will not positively affirm it has no good attractive pleasant characteristics. Only I never happened yet to be situated in any place where I could really appreciate and enjoy them. A pleasure that is still in store for me, is a pleasant, agreeable, enjoyable March.

Jo.

How Women Bathe in Paris.

The Seine is a narrow, greenish, snake-like river, and it doesn't look inviting from a distance. But on entering the swimming baths formed of boat-like sides, containing the dressing-rooms, it looks clear and cool. Black bathing dresses trimmed with red braid can be hired for a franc upward, and hundreds of ladies, with their children, daily afford themselves amusement at these places. There is no effort at fashion, gentlemen not admitted, and the top being covered by canvas to shield them from the eyes of people on embankment or boulevards. Swimmers among the attendants are frequent, and they dive and float, swim and sink at will, and teach the children and ladies to do the same.

Some of the French women are expert swimmers, and they go around in their black, baggy suits, chasing about the platform, eating sandwiches or drinking penny syrups or clarets and end the performance by diving into the water and swimming a race. Trapezes, swings, etc., are suspended above the water and gymnastic exercises are indulged in by the younger and more ambitious.

On leaving the baths they dry their hair sufficiently, put a crimped perruke over her own straight locks, a dash of powder and a bit of lip salve (a stick which every French woman carries in her pocket), to slightly color and eliminate any dryness and with a deft adjustment of the inevitable black veil, my lady is well coiffed, and if her dress be suitable, can take a drive before going home.

Light Rooms.

"I shall get quite enough darkness when I move into my last home," said a bright, cheery housekeeper, as she threw open the shutters and let the southern sun into her sleeping-room. "I think, of all follies that a housekeeper can be guilty of, one of the worst is the darkening in of rooms and the habit of closing window blinds. I think the superb health of my family is to a great extent chargeable to the habit that we have of almost living in the sunshine. Every bright day all of the shutters are thrown open, and the entire house gets the benefit of the sunlight. It drives away dampness and mold and microbes and blue-devils, and puts us all in good humor and good health. I cannot imagine good sanitary conditions and darkness. Even my cellar is as light as I can possibly make it, and whatever fruit and delicacies need to be shut away from the light I put into close cupboards or covered boxes. I have sheets of canvas that can be thrown over them before they are put away, and always take pains so to arrange my stores that nothing will be injured by any abundance of light.

Women of Common Sense.

"What I admire," said the practical man, "is the honest woman of common sense." Then he told this story. He met one evening a woman who takes an interest in prints. He has a collection of which he is a little proud, and told her about it. She begged him to come around "any afternoon." He is a busy man and does not have many afternoons to himself, but when he got one he took some of his prints and went to make a call, expecting a pleasant half-hour's talk, and promising himself that he would leave the prints for her to look over. When he reached the house where he was to call, the young woman said to him frankly; "It was very good of you to come and bring the prints, but we are just going to dinner. Now we never dine until three hours later than this, but we are going away, and we are going to eat a hasty dinner and run away." So the man did not have his chat. "But," said he, "999 women out of 1,000 would have never had the honesty to tell me that. They would have let me make the call, going without their dinner and having a headache on the train, which would make them hate the caller." It should be added, for those who wonder how the affair came out, that the next time the man called the dinner was served at the regular hour, and that by this time the young woman had seen and "talked over" all the prints which the man owns.

JAPANESE women are said to be the most feminine of all women. They do not care a mite about woman's rights; they don't long to be men, and they don't go in for "higher education." But, poor things! they are no more than the goods and chattels of the household to their husbands, who may divorce them on the smallest pretext. A Japanese woman must be submissive; first to the father, then to her husband, and when a widow, to her eldest son. Her lot is not a happy one.

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A Dream!

'Twas only a dream—it is over now,
But memories sweet remain!
And peace is shining upon the brow
So lately clouded with pain.
'Twas only a dream—and we wander why
It faded so swiftly from sight;—
But, "Some Day," the things that hidden lie
Shall clear 'neath Heaven's own light!

'Twas only a dream—and dreams cannot last,
Tho' fairest and sweetest they be;
'Twas only a dream—it sleeps with the past,
'Tis buried in Time's restless Sea!
'Twas only a dream—and shall we regret
That our vision of love did not live?
Nay, rather, let each his sorrow forget,
And each the others forgive!

And each learn the lesson that it doth impart,
That happiness ever may gleam
Like sunshine, to lighten the loveliest heart;
But now, let it pass—let it rest with its days
That were brighter than either could tell,
While we drift apart over life's chequered ways,
And in drifting say,—"farewell"!

ULIZPALE.

Clare's Cousin.

CLARE VALLETON was in tears, a most uncommon event, and she had let her father go away that morning—on a long journey too—without his accustomed kiss.

An only daughter, and a petted one, she was so rarely made to bend to the parental authority, that now Mr. Valleton thought it necessary to exert it, pretty Clare was first astonished, then angry and rebellious, refusing to give the promise demanded of her.

"I am sorry we are not at one on this subject, my little girl," Mr. Valleton said, "but you must remember that my experience is greater than yours—my judgment less partial."

"Less partial, papa?" she retorted, with a sob, "when you have permitted yourself to be prejudiced against Cyril because some ill-natured fellow has brought you reports to his disadvantage! He declares that there is no truth in them, and I have told you so, but you will not believe it."

"Say I cannot. But I do not wish to find fault with Cyril. He is my sister's son, and I have done and will do all in my power to advance his interests; but in this I shall be firm; I will not give him my daughter!"

"He loves me, papa," she asserted, though blushing deeply, "and—and I love him equally well!"

"I am sorry to hear it. I strongly object to marriages between first cousins under any circumstances."

"Is that all, papa?" asked the young lady, with a pout.

"No, Clare it is not all. I have to much reason to fear that Cyril would not be a good husband to you, and, therefore, it is that I forbid the engagement you and he are so eager to enter upon."

"Then you will make me very miserable, sir."

"I am afraid I shall, because you are young and wilful, and accustomed to have your own way."

"And why should I not have it now?" she queried.

"For more reasons that I can stay to urge," said Mr. Valleton, looking at his watch. "You ought to have faith enough in your father to obey him, even though it grieves you to have to do so. Some day, Clare, when you are wiser and older, you will thank me with all your heart for refusing to let you throw yourself away on Cyril Myers."

Clare's only reply was to fling herself on a couch and bury her face in the cushions, nor would she look up to say good-bye ere her father hurried off to catch the next train to Liverpool, where he had an appointment of importance.

"It is because Cyril is poor," she sobbed—"because papa would like me to make a grand marriage, although he knows I could be happy in a cottage; and it is in his power to settle enough upon me for all our reasonable wants. But he shall never induce me to break with Cyril. The more others persecute and revile the poor boy the more closely will I cling to him."

She wiped her streaming eyes, and sat down to write her lover a description of the painful scene she had just had with Mr. Valleton, and assure him that the only effect it had upon her was to make her more resolute in her constancy.

"I may not be allowed to see you as frequently," she went on, "and we will not stoop to meet by stealth? neither can I openly disobey my father by wearing the engagement-ring you propose giving me; but in heart and soul I am yours, dearest, and in time I hope to make papa see that——"

But here came an interruption. Cyril himself rushed into the room, a small valise in his hand.

"My darling Clare," he exclaimed, affectionately, "how worried you look! Surely you are not fretting at the idea of losing me for two or three weeks at farthest?

"Where am I going? Only to New York, pet, for the firm that has the right to send me hither and thither whether I like it or no. Where is my uncle! On his way to Liverpool already? Then he has left with you the money he promised to lend me? I do so hate getting an advance from one's employers for expenser. It betrays one's poverty so unpleasantly."

"Of course it does. You were quite right to apply to papa," said Clare, promptly, "but I am afraid he must have forgotten his promise, for he left nothing with me. You shall have the contents of my purse, dear Cyril. I have a five-pound note in it and a couple of sovereigns."

"Thanks muchly, you generous darling!" cried Cyril, accepting the loans "but it will not be nearly enough. My uncle agreed to let me have one hundred pounds."

Clare opened her blue eyes widely.

"But a journey to New York, even if you went first-class, would not cost that sum!"

"Nor half that," Cyril assented: "but I have purchases to make for one of the partners."

"Then he ought to have supplied you with a cheque. How inconsiderate of him!"

"Awfully so; but there is not time to go and tell him how my uncle has disappointed me. Dearest Clare, what shall I do? My berth is secured; the vessel starts at half after twelve; it now only wants a quarter to eleven. Was ever man in a worse quandary?"

"Can you not borrow?"

Cyril shook his head.

"The only fellow from whom I should care to do that is miles away. But a lucky thought! surely if you explain the case to your father's confidential clerk he will rectify my uncle's mistake and supply the funds."

"I will write to Mr. Wallis," said Clare; but Cyril's hand arrested hers as she seized a pen.

"There is no time for that. I have a cab at the door; drive with me to the offices; I will wait outside while you interview Wallis, and then, if you care to see the last of me, we can go on together to the wharf from whence the boat starts. If you love me, my own, don't waste these precious moments by demurring!"

Thus adjured, Clara hastened to don her walking-apparel, and was soon being driven rapidly from her father's house at Brompton to the City.

She did not like her errand, yet how refuse Cyril's request? Had not her father said that very morning, that he was always willing to advance his nephew's interests? and who would be more concerned and sorry than Mr. Valleton himself if his act of forgetfulness did Cyril any injury?

The truth was Clare felt a little shy of Cuthbert Wallis, the confidential clerk already referred to. When he was a tall boy and she a fairy child he had been the willing slave of all her caprices, for he was the son of an old and highly-esteemed friend of her father, by whose wish the larger half of his holidays, while he was finishing his education, were spent at Mr. Valleton's.

Years had passed since then. Cuthbert had accepted a berth in the house of his father's friend, and by his integrity and business abilities had soon raised himself to the post of confidental clerk. At first he was a frequent visitor at Bromptom; but the intimacy was broken off when Cyril Myers began to assume the airs of a favored lover, and to be positively insulting to the young man.

Too sensible to be provoked into a quarrel, yet at the same time too high-spirited to patiently submit to such treatment, Cuthbert Wallis gradually withdrew himself, leaving Clare painfully conscious that he had not been well used, but unwilling to displease her jealous lover by protesting against his rudeness too strongly.

To go and ask a favor, in the name of Cyril seemed almost an impertinence, and it was with flushed face and much embarrassment that Miss Valleton entered the inner office where Mr. Wallis sat writing.

However she proffered her request as curtly as she could.

"In the hurry of his journey," she said, "papa must have forgotten the loan he promised my cousin. Will you kindly carry out his intention and give me gold and notes for a hundred pounds?"

Cuthbert Wallis demurred.

"With your permission I will first telegraph to Mr. Valleton. I never have paid away such large sums in his absence, or without his sanction."

"I cannot wait while you do that," he was told impatiently. "Cyril's berth is taken; the vessel leaves the wharf in little more than half an hour. Why do you hesitate? I will take care that papa holds you blameless. My receipt for the money will be sufficient. Shall I write it at once?"

Still Mr. Wallis envinced a provoking reluctance to unlock the cash-box of his employer, and Clare started up distressed and irritated.

"How can you be so ungenerous?" she exclaimed. "Is it because Cyril has given you reason to dislike him, and you would fain avail yourself of this chance for taking your revenge? It is I you are punishing, as much or more than my cousin. I shall be most unhappy if he has to leave England penniless, through papa's neglect, and your—cruelty!"

"You shall never have cause to call me cruel to you!" said the young man, deeply moved by her passionate gestures and tearful eyes.

He quitted the room, leaving Clare in doubt as to his intentions, but returned almost immediately, and put into her hand notes to the amount she had asked for.

Scarcely staying to thank him, she flew back to the cab, where she was received with a rapturous embrace.

"Now for the wharf!" cried Cyril, promising the cabman an addition to his fare if he drove fast. "And you, my Clare, shall go with me to the land where better fortune awaits us. Yes, my darling one, you must consent. Once on board, we have nothing to fear from pursuit. My uncle will storm perhaps, when he finds he has lost you; but he loves you too dearly not to forgive our flight."

"Are you mad, Cyril?" demanded the astonished girl. "Do you really think I could be tempted to do anything so rash and so wicked?"

As Clare spoke, she thrust him from her, angry at his proposition, yet hoping that it was made in jest.

He soon proved that he was in earnest, and so vehemently insisted that she should be the companion of his voyage, that she knew not what to think.

"But still her answer was 'No.'

"Say no more, Cyril, or I must come to the conclusion that you have lost your senses. Why should I desert my good, indulgent father?"

"You know he opposes our marriage," she was sullenly reminded. "And if you love me you will set him at defiance, and be mine."

"We will defer any further discussion on this subject till you return," Clare told him, with gentle decision.

"I shall never return to England," was the startling reply. "There are reasons why I feel it necessary to expatriate myself. If we part now it is for ever. But you will not let me go alone, my adorned Clara? For your own sake as well as mine you must consent. Your father will be furious about that money. How could I leave you to bear alone the brunt of his rage?"

Clare put back the arms that would have clasped her.

"Before you say another word explain this: Why should papa be angry with me? Was it not true that he promised you a loan?"

"Bah! What signifies whether he did or no? We have but to deny the transaction, and that puppy Wallis must bear the brunt of it. No one will believe such an unlikely tale as that you went a-borrowing to him."

"Is it true," Clare persisted, "that papa had not promised you a loan? Answer me, Cyril. You must; you shall!"

His eyes sank before her steadfast gaze.

"My dearest, if you knew all the difficulties of the position in which I found myself, you would not blame me. But here we are! Come, then! Our destination is not America, but Australia; and my uncle will soon forgive and recall us."

There was no faltering in Clare's reply:

"I would rather die than become the wife of a man who has lied to me, and tricked me into wronging Cuthbert Wallis and papa, as you have just done! Away with you, and I pray Heaven that I may never see your face again!"

* * * * * *

A couple of hours afterwards Mr. Wallis received another visit from the daughter of his absent employer.

She looked so ill and shaken as to alarm him; refusing the chair he brought her, she opened a case she was carrying, and displayed a very handsome set of pearl ornaments.

"I want to restore the sum I made you give me," she said excitedly. "My father must never know that his child was incicted to rob him. Will you sell these pearls for as much as they will fetch, and I will find some other way of making up the amount. They are my very own; my aunt willed them to me; and it must be done before papa comes back. How could I meet him with that money on my conscience?"

"You need not feel at all uneasy," she was assured. "The notes I gave you were my own, withdrawn from a savings bank yesterday for a purpose that can be deferred. So take back your pearls, dear Miss Valleton, and suffer me to be your creditor for the present. I claim the right as your friend to help you in any emergency."

She tried to force the ornaments upon him, and failing this, to murmur her thanks for the relief; but her heart was full, her brain in a whirl. The words she would have spoken died on her lips, and she fell forward into the arms extended to receive her.

When Mr. Valleton returned to town, he found his daughter so seriously ill as to be unable to recognize him.

For some weeks she lay feverish and prostrate, making such tardy progress towards convalescence that at last her medical man advised her removal to the country.

The advice was immediately acted upon, and after a rapid journey Clare found herself installed in homely but cheerful apartments at a Surrey farmhouse.

Her hostess, a sweet-faced, middle-aged woman, wearing a widow's cap, came in to ask how she had rested, and though Clare had not hitherto testified the least interest in anything or anyone, a smile played on her changed features when the pretty rosy child in Mrs. Lennard's arms showered down upon her the freshly-gathered primroses with which she had filled her chubby hands for the poor sick lady.

Mrs. Lennard had four children to whom mother's invalid guest was such an object of compassionate interest, that they were untiring in their efforts to gratify her. They brought her flowers and fruit; their toys and their picture-books; and how could she help loving them in return?

Coaxed to get up and see the bees and the chickens, or ramble with her child-friends in the great old-fashioned garden, Clare was insensibly won from her own sombre thoughts; and by the end of a week after her arrival at Willows Farm, she was able to meet her anxious father without the bursts of remorseful tears that had frightened and distressed him.

She wept again, as, kneeling at his feet she insisted on making full confession. He did not care to add to her regrets for the past by telling her it was to avoid arrest for forgery that Cyril had fled from England, but contented himself with begging her to get well for his sake.

And she did recover rapidly as soon as she knew she had regained his confidence; recovered to be the merriest of playfellows to the widow's children, and the most charming of companions to motherly, gentle Mrs. Lennard

"There is only one thing that makes me reluctant to prolong my stay with you, as papa wishes me to do," she observed one day. "And that is my fear that I am the cause of your keeping your relatives away from the Willows."

"My dear, I have but two relatives left now," was the reply. "A married sister in India, and my youngest brother, the dear good fellow without whom, when I lost my husband so suddenly, I think I must have sunk under my troubles."

"You mean the uncle Bert of whom the little ones talk so lovingly? Every day I hear some murmur of regret that he never comes here now, and when I had the curiosity to ask Jessie the reason, she confided that it was for fear seeing him would make me worse.

"But I am no longer weak and nervous," Clare added with a sigh for the cause of those many days and weeks of suffering. "And I am quite prepared to like and be liked by anyone who bears the name of Lennard."

"But my brother is not a Lennard," she was reminded. "His name is—Cuthbert Wallis."

Clare shaded her face for awhile. Never would she be able to recall without a pang or a shudder the events connected with her brief infatuation for her unworthy cousin. It would inflict fresh suffering on her to meet one who knew all that had occurred, and perhaps despised her for having been so credulous. However, when she looked up, it was to say firmly:

"Unless Mr. Wallis renews his visits to you I must go home. I cannot endure to think that I am depriving you of the pleasure of his society."

"Thank, you, my dear," said the widow, simply. "He will be glad to come, for he loves us all."

Clare meant to confine herself to her own apartments as long as Cuthbert Wallis remained at the farm; but it so happened that he arrived just as she and the elder children were taking shelter from a thunderstorm in an old shed in the centre of a wood.

It was he who calmed her fears, who wrapped about her the thick shawl he brought with him, and on whose arm she leant during the walk back to the farm.

After this it was impossible to seclude herself, and they gradually fell back into the old intimacy.

By-and-by, Clare returned to her father's house, a little graver than she used to be, but more unselfish, more considerate for others.

With Mrs. Lennard she had established a life-long friendship, and the children had learned to love her dearly.

She was busy one morning, selecting, from a pile of illustrated volumes for the young, the prettiest and most interesting as a birth-day-gift for little Bertie, his uncle's namesake, when Mr. Valleton looked over her shoulder.

"Ha! you are going down to the farm this afternoon, aren't you, my dear? You may take Mrs. Lennard a bit of news that will, I think, please her. I have arranged to accept her brother as my partner. I could not have a better one."

"Oh, papa, I am so glad to hear it!" cried Clare, her eyes sparkling with pleasure.

"Hum! but Wallis is not satisfied with the arrangement. He wants something more than I offered him. Am I to agree to his demands?"

"What is it he asks?"

But as Clare spoke her voice sank to a whisper; her eyes fell before her father's quizzical glance, and Mr. Velleton, taking her to his breast, kissed her tenderly before responding:

"What does he ask? He will tell you himself this afternoon when he joins you at his sister's. Whether he is or is not to have the precious gift he craves must rest with you."

And Cuthbert Wallis did take courage to tell Clare Velleton how long and truly he had loved her. And Clare has learned to thank Heaven that she escaped the misery that would have been her lot as the wife of reckless, profligate Cyril Myers, and is free to give her hand to her more deserving lover.

Our Weekly Sermons By Celebrated Divines.

Written specially for the LADIES PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

The Ten Lepers; Elements of Soul Healing.

—o—

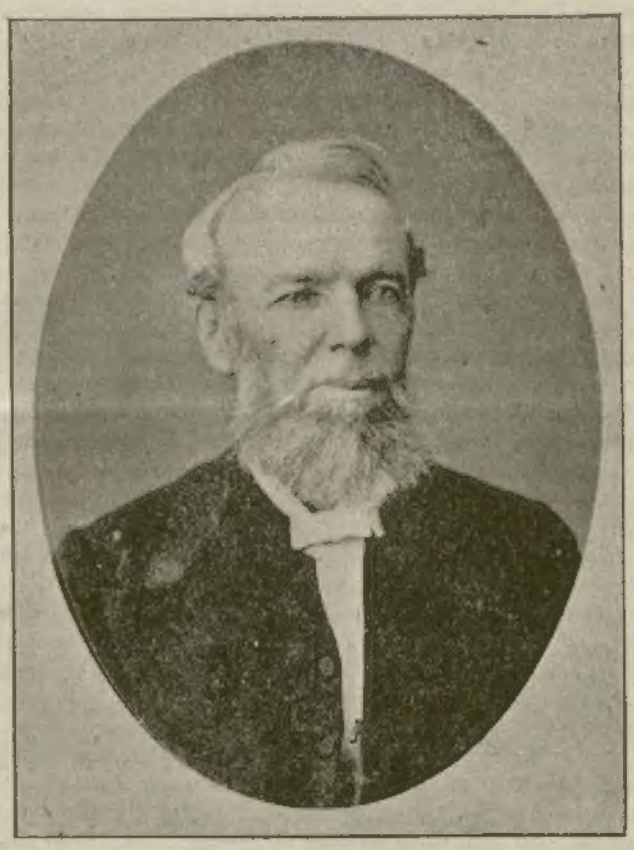
BY THE REV. H. F. BLAND.

—o—

LUKE 17, 11-19.

This healing of the Ten Lepers is very suggestive. The way in which the leprosy of the body was removed in their case shews what steps are needful for the removal of the still deeper leprosy of the soul. The parallel is noticeable. Let us see how significantly the one process touches the other.

In the process of soul healing, as in that of the body, there must be first a conviction of need. Would the ten have "lifted up their voices and said Jesus, Master, have mercy upon us" had they not felt their need of special commiseration? Their disease was a fearful one. Leprosy is and was, a terrible infliction. The leper of the Bible was banished from society. He was treated as an outlaw—he was a social outcast. He had to live apart, and was obliged, when any human being approached him, to utter the warning cry, "Unclean, Unclean." His life was a living death. This loathsome disease, which has been transmitted from a very early period of the world's history, in some sections of the globe is still rife. The self-denying labors of Father Damien and other missionaries in the South Seas and elsewhere, both Catholic and Protestant, are well-known and deservedly chronicled, though the work of Protestant missionaries among the lepers has not received the recognition which it merits. Leprosy is regarded as an emblem of sin; it is loathsome; it affects every part, and it is incurable, save by Divine intervention. It is further regarded as an emblem as sin inasmuch as the one excludes from human society on earth, so the other excludes from the society of heaven. No wonder that these ten poor people mentioned by Luke, when they saw Jesus "lifted up their voices" and cried unto Him. They felt their loathsomeness and degradation—their cry was that of intense and urgent need. This is the first step which the spiritual leper needs to take. In its absence there will be, there can be, no healing. The knowledge of sickness must precede the cry for its removal. And, unhappily, it is just here where the analogy between these two forms of leprosy fails. The physical leper necessarily feels his need; the spiritual leper frequently fails to do so, except in a very slight and superficial form. Sin, as a moral disease, is not seen in its enormity, nor felt in its loathsomeness. But it is there, nevertheless, and the fact that it is not felt only makes the disease more dangerous. One of the public prints of this city—the *Chronicle*—has recently described the dangers of defective drainage, showing how stealthily fever may creep into the most sumptuous dwelling, and urging the importance of an immediate and most thorough investigation. If the unsuspected dangers of the dwelling need to be examined and exposed, how much more ought the condition of the soul to be known! Leprosy may be there in its worst form, and the man may feel it not. The leprosy of the Laodicean Church was unknown to it. "Thou sayest I am rich and increased with goods, and have need of nothing, and knowest not that thou art wretched" (Rev. iii, 17.) This moral unconsciousness of sinful need is one of the most distressing facts of the day. The Laodicean Church thought all was right, very respectable, very orderly, and the Laodicean is with us to-day. Men are leprous with sin and yet think that nothing is the matter with them. Blessed Spirit, shew us as we are; however spiritually offensive we may be, let us know the truth. These ten leprous men felt their need; sinful men must feel theirs, or "Jesus, Master, have mercy upon us!" will never sobbingly break from the lip.



H. F. Bland

2. The next step in the process of soul healing must be some knowledge of a Healer. These leprous men not only felt their need, but they knew that Jesus could meet it. How they knew this we are not informed. Doubtless the report of what He had done in the way of healing the leper had reached them. They knew that the Man whom they saw in the distance, and to whom they cried, was the Man they needed. No other man would have done. If the seventy men of the Jewish Sanhedrim had been, in a body, passing through that Samaritan village, it would have made no difference to the leprous men. Only one Man in the universe of that day could meet their case, and that Man was there, and the leprous men knew it. There is only one Man now that can remove the leprosy of sin from the heart and restore it to purity and vigor. He can do it. No one else can; nothing else can. You may try churches and systems, and box the whole compass of human specific; you may try the "waters of Pharpar and Abana"; you may say, "I will by my own self-denial and carefulness reach the beau ideal of what I ought to be—I will make myself clean," but you will have the painfulness of being inevitably disappointed. Thank God the world is becoming more alive to the presence and power of this one Man that the leprous men saw. Jesus, as the healer of the world's leprosy, was never so widely known, and so highly appreciated, as now. Ancient prophecy is being fulfilled. "His name shall be great among the Gentiles." William Taylor, the Apostolic Bishop of Africa, recently said: "A great chief had died: a giant in size, and a man of renown among his people. He was one of the chiefs who had invited us to found a mission there, and 'his mark' was on our articles of agreement; but we knew not his language, nor he ours, so as to enable us to speak to him of Jesus and salvation. Monday morning I went to see the dead chief. I was surprised to find him appearing as natural as life, just like a man in deep sleep, with a placid countenance. I enquired about his death, and in their broken English they told me that all through the night of his struggle with death he was praying; that the chieftain lay on his mat in his hut, with a taper throwing off light enough to make darkness visible, and every now and then he cried out, 'Niswah! Niswah! O, Niswah!' Then sinking into the silent struggle with death for a time, and again breaking out, 'Niswah! Niswah! O, Niswah!' Later in the night he talked much to Niswah in subdued tones: 'Niswah, I am your man. I belong to you, Niswah! I accept you, Niswah! I take you, I trust you, Niswah! I trust you.' So he continued to talk to God by the only name he knew Him to have." A short time ago a poor little boy came to a certain city missionary, and holding up a dirty and worn-out piece of paper, said, "Please, sir, father sent me to get a clean paper like that." Taking it from his hand the missionary unfolded it and found it was a page containing Charlotte Elliott's beautiful hymn, beginning with

> Just as I am, without one plea;
> But that Thy blood was shed for me,
> And that Thou bidst me come to Thee—
> O, Lamb of God, I come!"

The missionary looked down with interest into the face earnestly upturned to him, and asked the little boy where he got it, and why he wanted a clean one. "We found it, sir," said he, "in sister's pocket after she died, and she used to sing it all the time she was sick, and loved it so much that father wanted to get a clean one, and put it into a frame to hang it up. Won't you give us a clean one, sir!" The "Niswah" of the African chief, and the "Lamb of God" of the little girl in the city slum, were the same Man that the ten lepers saw and cried to. In the same case there was fidelity to light. My brother, this is your Man. Do you know Him? Do you feel your need of Him? He is here to-day. Believe me He is the only man that can save you. Do you ask, how?

3. Listen then to the third step in the process of soul healing, which we call trustful obedience. "And they lifted up their voices and said, Jesus, Master, have mercy upon us." What did Jesus say to these lepers? Did He, as in another case, promptly respond, "I will, be ye clean." Did He remove their leprosy at once by His gracious and Almighty power? No; He simply gave them a command. He told them to do something,—"Go shew yourselves to the priests." In this command Christ referred to the Mosaic custom, given at length in Lev. xiv, where the healed lepers had to bring an offering to the priest, and receive from him, on examination, a certificate of physical soundness. This was needful before any leper could be permitted to mingle with ordinary society. Hence the command: "Go shew yourselves to the priests." But how natural it would have been for the men to have said, "We are not in a position to go to the priests; the law requires that we should be healed; we are not healed; our leprosy is not abated; if we go as we are and show ourselves the priests will ridicule and repel us." Did they say this? No; they did as they were told. Their faith in Christ was an obedient one. "And it came to pass that as they went they were cleansed." They were not cleansed before they went, but *as* they went. The leprosy was there when they started, but disappeared on the road.

I am very desirous that the teaching of the narrative on this point should be understood. It involves a practical principle of great moment. One of the simplest things in the world in theory is faith in Christ, and yet in practice it is ordinarily one of the most profoundly difficult. The intellect wishes to know the why and the wherefore. The intellect asks this and that question so persistently that the action of obedient faith is made very difficult. To step out firmly upon a Divine command, with nothing but that command beneath you, is the kind of action which Abraham-like honors God, and which, in return, God always honors. These ten lepers evidently knew that Christ could heal, for He had already done so, but they did not know why He should command them to go to the priests without first healing them. And it was not needful that they should know. All that was needful was that they should trust Christ's naked word, and go. Hence the typical beauty of a child's trust—doing what the mother says without knowing the reason why. "And Peter said, Lord if it be Thou, bid me come unto Thee on the water. And he said, Come." That was sufficient; that was all the guarantee that was needed, and so long as he did what Christ told him to do in faith, the water supported him as if it had been a pavement of marble, but the moment that his faith and obedience faltered, that moment he began to sink. The King of Moab rebelled against Israel. Israel entered into partnership with Judah and Edom and invaded Moab. Seven days were consumed in the expedition, and there was no water for the host. Death stared them in the face, but the prophet Elisha, having respect to Johosaphat, King of Judah, under Divine inspiration, said, "Make this valley full of ditches; for thus saith the Lord, ye shall not see wind, neither shall ye see rain, yet that valley shall be filled with water." Here was something to do, and something to believe. Their work was to believe and do—not to concern themselves with the how. "Unreasonable," some might say, "utterly unreasonable; where is the water to come from in this parched and dried-up land?" That, however, was a question with which they had nothing to do. All that was required of them was to dig and trust. The trenches were dug and the water silently came and filled them. Most people have heard of Frances E. Willard, the distinguished temperance worker. In 1874, being then 35 years of age, she held a prominent position in the North Western Methodist University at Evanston, near Chicago. Her salary was 2400 dollars a year. Believing it to be her duty to devote herself to temperance reform, she gave up her place in the university, and with it her salary. At that time Miss Willard held the view that faith in the scriptural sense meant literally a blind and silent confidence; that God would, without any co-operation on her part, see

that she was provided with the necessaries of life, because He would know that she had need of all these things. Therefore, she abandoned her salary and went penniless to her new post. When the ladies who had elected her their chief kindly enquired as to her means of support, her tranquil reply, "I shall be taken care of," naturally enough led them to suppose either that she had means of her own, or was sure of the financial backing of some wealthy friends. The next three months taught her that she had been mistaken, not in believing implicitly, but in forgetting the fact that God works by means, rather than by miracles. At last quite worn out with too hard work, and too meagre living, she fell ill. On her asking for a physician, her uncomplaining mother wisely said, "If you are going on faith, so be it; there is no need for a doctor!" This set Frances thinking as she tossed about in her pain. If a doctor might be God's means to an end in illness, surely a salary might be His means to the end that good work might be done. She wrote a frank statement of the situation to the executive committee of her society. It was read in tears, and answered with a bountiful cheque.

These illustrations say, what the narrative before us says. They teach us something which we all sorely need to learn. In our dealings with Providence, and especially in the great work of personal salvation, we are apt to overlook it. The stanza sometimes sung, "Till to Jesus work you cling, By a simple faith Doing," etc., is not true. Faith and work must go hand-in-hand. We must obey and believe. We must do and trust. It Christ says, "Go shew yourselves to the priests," without giving us the faintest indication of a cure, we must go though leprous as Naaman. If you feel your need of salvation, do the very first thing which God's word and your contrite heart tells you to do. Don't wait for the approval of the intellect, or the endorsation of reason, or some warm feeling of encouragement within you. Trust Christ to save you, and act as if He were already doing it, though everything within you should be as cold as an icicle. "Then shall ye know if ye follow on to know." Give up what you know to be wrong; do what you know to be right; trust an invisible Christ as firmly as if you saw Him and heard Him speak. If you feel your need you can be saved to-day; you can be healed to-day; you can have your leprosy removed to-day. Don't hesitate in renouncing self. Don't hesitate in trusting Christ. You will not be tantalized. Your obedient trust will not be disappointed. "The steps of faith fall on the seeming void, and find the rock beneath.

4. But in order to secure the highest measure of spiritual healing, there is another element of faith needed—an element very graphically brought out in the narrative before us. This element is Practical Thanksgiving v. 15. "And one of them when he saw that he was healed, turned back, and with a loud voice glorified God, and fell down on his face at His feet, giving Him thanks; and he was a Samaritan." Nine of them, when they got what they asked for, joyfully, but thanklessly, went on their way, pleased that their leprosy was gone, but indifferent to the Man that had done it. Only one was penetrated with gratitude for the work done; only one sought the Donor, and with gushing joy adoringly gave Him thanks. What rendered the action all the more noticeable was that this man was a Samaritan—a stranger of another province, and he did what the Donor's countrymen failed to do. "And Jesus answering said: Were there not ten cleansed; but where are the nine? there are not found that returned to give glory to God, save this stranger" (v. 17-18). Now listen how a thankful spirit is noticed and rewarded: "And He said unto him, Arise, go thy way: thy faith has made thee whole." The first blessing, growing out of obedient faith, touched the body, but the second growing out of thankful faith touched the soul—the leprosy of the body was gone—and now the still deeper and more fatal leprosy of the soul goes. A spirit of believing thanksgiving touched the highest possibilities of the man, making him outwardly and inwardly every whit whole.

1. Let us then in closing ponder two questions: How is it that the blessing of soul healing in so many cases fails to mature? "Were there not ten cleansed, but where are the nine?" What brought the one ought to have brought the rest. Providential good given to the one, ought to have been equally fruitful in the nine. Only one gained the higher prize, and it was a thankful faith that gained it.

How suggestive is this! A faith that is not mingled with thanksgiving fails to realise the highest bestowment. An obedient faith interpenetrated with thanksgiving has its own way in the treasure house of God. Many Christians are cold and poor and feeble because their lives are not leavened with grateful faith. Are you spiritually leprous, take the first step towards Christ which your conscience tells you you ought to do, however much of self-denial it may involve—don't wait for more light or more conviction. Have you experienced a benediction in any form, stir up the fire of grateful faith, give glory to the loving Saviour who has done it, and see if He will not give a spiritual roundness to your character that shall make you "strong in the Lord and the power of His might."

2. The second question is this: How is it that soul healing is so frequently limited to the unlikely? "There are not found that returned to give glory to God, save this stranger." The one the most unlikely to get it found what the nine lost. Is not this the case now? Those nearest to the gate of the kingdom frequently fail to go in, while the degraded and abandoned welcome the invitation. The prodigal finds what the good moral man will not humble himself to seek. "And they shall come from the east and from the west, and from the north and from the south, and shall sit down in the kingdom of God, and you yourselves shall be thrust out" (Luke xiii, 27 28.) O ye children of the kingdom, ye highly favored ones, ye that have praying fathers and praying mothers, ye that are so near the gate of life but fail to enter, let not the Samaritan pass by you. Let not Jesus say as He welcomes the unlikely and the unprivileged, Where are the nine? Great will be your condemnation if you negligently lose your chance of life.

The Rev. H. F. Bland.

The Rev. H. F. Bland of the Methodist Church, Quebec, one of whose sermons we publish in this issue, is a native of England, and of that county famous for its warm-hearted Methodism—Yorkshire. He was converted to God at the age of thirteen, and only two years later preached his first sermon from behind a large chair in a farm-house near Bolton Abbey. From that time his preaching career has been unbroken—for some years as one of the most popular and laborious of local preachers in the West Riding, and since 1858 in the Canadian ministry. During the latter period he has been successively stationed at St. Andrews on the Ottawa, Hemmingford, Montreal, Dundas, Kingston, Belleville, Quebec, Montreal (Dominion Square), Pembroke, Kingston (Queen street), Perth and Quebec.

Of Mr. Bland's energy and financiering ability almost every one of these charges bears record in debts liquidated or churches and parsonages built, most notably the great Church Extension Movement in Montreal in 1863, of which he was the originator.

The high character and usefulness of Mr. Bland's preaching is shown in the character of his appointments, the esteem and confidence of his brethren in his fifteen years of Chairmanship of Districts, and his election to the Presidency of the Montreal Conference held in Napanee in 1881.

But perhaps there is no honor higher, or more deserved, than the reputation which has almost made Mr. Bland's name proverbial in the Montreal Conference, for faithfulness and usefulness as a pastor.

Written for the Ladies' Pictorial Weekly.

A Peep at New Orleans During Mardi Gras.

Dear Lou:—You remember what a stormy, disagreeable day it was, the Tuesday we left Toronto? Well, imagine our unbounded delight, in reaching New Orleans the following Friday morning, to find ourselves in the midst of bright sunshine, and seeing jonquils, narcissis and daffodils galore, beside numerous other plants and flowers peculiar to this "Sunny South," such as magnolias, and catalpas and the quaint mock orange trees. Our first effort was to procure comfortable lodgings, for our fellow passengers frightened us into believing we should have to spend the night on the street or seek shelter in one of the "Houses for the Destitute," as during Mardi Gras season, neither love nor money could buy, at times, a place to lay the head. However taking our letters and addresses we proceeded at once to St. Charles Avenue, (New Orleans' Fifth Avenue) and were so fortunate as to procure most comfortable quarters in a house once owned and occupied by General Beauregard, the famous old warrior, who for the mere signing of his name to the lottery tickets, is paid the sum of ten thousand dollars annually, so much is he respected, and so upright and just is he in his dealings that his name alone carries confidence, and prevents suspicion of fraud on his fellow-countrymen. This house, which was the wedding gift of General Beauregard to his daughter, who lived but two short years to enjoy her married life, and whose grave we afterwards visited, has the usual southern piazzas, covered with vines and roses, from which we could see the numerous processions of Rex and his court. In due time these came off, and for hours before the regular train appeared, we were amused with quaint and grotesque figures of imps, clowns, elves and every conceivable unnatural sprite, hovering near till the king shall appear, then among his courtiers they will adjust themselves. For it is Mardi Gras—the synonym of gaiety, laughter and frolic. "Rex, the king of the Carnival," has come again to receive the homage of his faithful subjects, and lend his presence to the scene of dancing and fun, with which his coming is associated.

Every Shrove Tuesday this delightful farce is gone through. They play giving the city to "Rex, the King of the Carnival." It is his, for the time being, and no scene in Columbus, or Cortes' triumph, could be acted with more apparent solemnity than is this graceful tribute of the New Orleans people, paid to Comus, the god of mirth. Fortunately, Rex is content with the day's "freedom of the city," as no business is done while he holds court, for all, rich and poor, black and white, join in the frolic which makes Mardi Gras the great festival of the year.

The real word (and pleasure) of the day begins at eleven o'clock in the morning, when Rex, surrounded by his courtiers, makes the grand tour of the city. Mounted on "floats" or thrones, drawn by richly caparisoned horses, that might well uphold the dignity of an eastern prince. Rex and courtiers, in masks and costumes suitable for the occasion, pass smilingly by through the principal streets, dispensing their gifts of bon-bons, right royally. Happy is the maiden whose lover is among them, for the shower of favors that find their way to her gate, where she stands smiling among the roses to receive them, is such as to cause many an envious flutter among her less fortunate sisters.

In case Rex and his courtiers should be too easily recognized, a change of character is made each year. One season finds the gods and goddesses of Greek mythology gracing the carnival with their presence, another sees the ancient Egyptian deities presiding over the motley crowd, while a third beholds the famous discoverers of the world, mounted on thrones. Thus each year presents a different spectacle, always something new, novel, and surprising, and one is inclined to think that nothing can eclipse this year's beauty in design and originality of conception. With bands of music, laughter and song, Rex has come, and, as of old, conquered, and passed from our admiring eyes till the evening, when in triumph he leads his queen, a marvel of loveliness, ablaze with jewels, to the great throne room, where with a graceful tribute to his royal sister, Terpsichore, he salutes his fair queen and with an inimitable grace they glide off to the tuneful strain of Strauss' best and most graceful effort.

Then is presented a scene which baffles the pen to describe. On all sides dance seraphs and devils, clowns and graces, here Apollo leads forth the stately Cleopatra, and Clio succumbs to the fascinations of Baccus. These wierd figures flit to and fro before the bewildered eye, and lend an air of mystery to the scene which is in keeping with the events of the day. Late into the night is the revel kept up, and dancing continues, the courtiers meanwhile keeping on their masks and preserving their incognito, which many a belle endeavors in vain to penetrate. Woe, betide the masker who reveals his identity. Rex's court martial deals severely with him. Though many a maiden guesses who her partner is, by the pressure of the hand, or the sweetest nothing, or the memento of diamond worth he gives heryet to be certain would entail the most direful consequences. Finally one by one the revelers depart till there remains but the shadow and echo of the evening's pleasures, a rare bit of lace, or perchance the prized favor of a lover to his sweetheart, to remind us of the mad frolic of Mardi Gras.

There are few cities in America which contain in themselves more historic interest than this "Crescent City." The largest and most influential in the south, it is the port and harbor of the Mississippi, that great artery of the west. In the docks, ships from every nation are seen. The unfamiliar flags of Russia, Spain, and France wave in the faint breeze and give to the waterway a cosmopolitan air not found elsewhere in America.

The New Orleans people point with pride to the statue of General Jackson, which they erected to commemorate their victory over the English in the war of 1812, and which they fondly imagine to be the only important battle of the time. Of Queenston Heights they have never heard, and smile in derision if you suggest it was of more importance.

Last Sunday morning we went to the French Market for breakfast, which is one of the most interesting sights in the charming city. The conglomeration of fish, fowls, and vegetables, strawberries, bananas and pine-apples, coffee rolls, and boullion, Spaniards, French, and negroes is a *tout ensemble* that to be fully appreciated must be seen in the flesh. It only remained for us to cross the street to the old church, Notre Dame, built about 1750, and hear the cackle of the hen, and quack of the ducks mingling with the early mass of the priests, or the mumblings of an old negress over her beads, and in the dim morning light hear over all the solemn organ peal, to have a picture impossible of reproduction anywhere but in New Orleans.

How fascinating is the French opera, with its crimson, white and gold decorations; its boxes filled with Creole beauties, and its *foyer* for promenading entres acts. This is the only city on the continent which supports a troupe the entire season, and very proud are they of the entertainment it affords. Another day we went to the Spanish Fort, for a soft shell crab breakfast, and there on the banks of Lake Ponchartrain enjoyed an hour amid the roses and balmy air of this pretty suburb, crossing the lake afterwards in a punt of uncertain age, the dark Italian, who acts as captain, crew, purser, and pilot, meanwhile regaling us with stories of each rock and creek we passed. We run into West point, hence back to our delightful quarters on St. Charles Avenue. Yet another day we spent among the cemeteries, which are unique. The ground being of a marshy character, it is impossible to bury the dead, therefore sarcophago have been built, into which the coffins are placed. Imagine rows of marble or stone tombs, shaped somewhat like kennels, with here and there a huge column erected to the memory of those brave men who died fighting for their rights and homes, and you have an idea of the cemetery in New Orleans. The remains of Jefferson Davis lie in one of these vaults, and the Confederate flag, waving over a tent which shelters the sentinel who guards the grave day and night, proves an efficient guide to direct our footsteps to the spot where lies buried the hero of a lost cause. We plucked a flower from the grave, and hurried away from a spot full of such sad memories. We were fortunate enough to obtain entrance into that retired spot—Beauvoir—the home of the widow and "daughter of the Confederacy." Very pretty is this typical old Southern home of Mrs. Davis, with its wide verandahs, covered with moss, and its pretty French windows opening into the rooms beyond. Mrs. Davis and her daughter see very few strangers, but are courteous to all who bring letters to them. Mrs. Davis spends many hours daily on a book she is publishing on the life of "My beloved husband," and truly a labor of love it is. Dame Rumor hath it that Miss Davis is to be married to one of the wealthiest men in the South, one whose devotion to the great actress, Mary Anderson, has made him as famous as Mrs. Langtry's immortal "Freddie."

We noticed particularly the difference between the French and English parts of this place; the latter being like any modern handsome city, while the former retains all the peculiarities of its ancient (but now departed) splendor. The streets are very narrow, the buildings low, and you hear French spoken exclusively in this old-fashioned part of the town.

As the time draws near for our departure, we sigh and moan, at the thought of leaving this Paradise of roses, and we wish, dear Bab, that every reader of the Ladies' Pictorial could only have a peep at New Orleans during Mardi Gras!

Daisy Dean.

A Person overheard two countrymen, who were observing a a naturalist in the field collecting inscets, say to one another:

"What's that fellow doing?"

"Why, he's, a naturalist."

"What's that?"

"Why, a fellow that catches gnats, to be sure."

Handiwork.

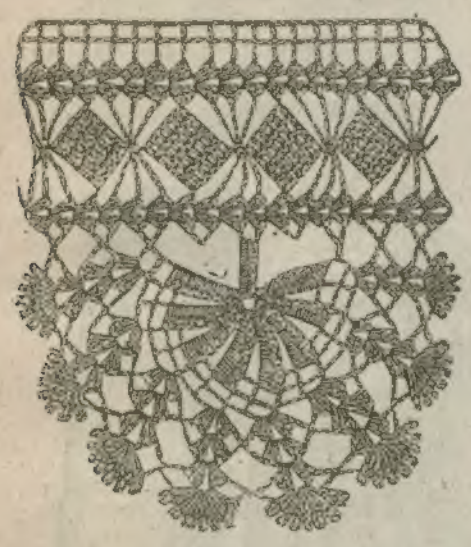
"The lily may grow, but man must fret and toil and spin."—DRUMMOND.

Any question of general interest regarding home decoration will be answered in this column. Any suggestions, contributions or letters from those interested in this department will be welcomed.—Ed.

Wide Crochet Lace.

Make a chain of 22 stitches, turn.

First Row.—Make 1 tr in sixth stitch from hook, 2 ch, skip 2



WIDE CROCHET LACE.

stitches, make a shell of 3 tr, 2 ch, and 3 tr in next stitch; 12 ch, skip 12 stitches, shell in last stitch (the shell is always the same), 3 ch; turn.

Second Row.—Make shell in shell, 12 ch, shell in next shell, 2 ch 1 tr, in the single tr, 2 ch, 1 tr in third stitch of chain at the end 5 ch; turn.

Third Row.—Make 1 tr in single tr, 2 ch, shell in shell 6 ch, 1 dc over the 3 loose chains, 3 ch; turn. Hereafter the 1 dc will be in the 3 ch at corner of a block.

Make 5 tr on ch of 6, 3 ch, turn.

* Make 5 tr of last row, 3 ch, turn. Repeat from the star twice, making a block of 4 rows of 5 tr. Make a shell in shell of last row, 3 ch; turn.

Fourth Row.—Like second row.

Fifth row.—Make 1 tr in tr, 2 ch, shell in shell, 12 ch, shell in shell, 3 ch; turn.

Sixth Row.—Like second.

Seventh Row.—Like third.

Eighth Row.—Like second.

Ninth Row.—Make 1 tr in tr, 2 ch, shell, in shell 12 ch, shell in shell, 15 ch. This begins the pin-wheel border. Make 1 dc in seventh stitch from hook, for the center of the pin-wheel; 12 ch, 1 dc in the chain of 3 between the fifth and sixth rows of the insertion, 5 ch, turn, 1 tr in third stitch of chain of 12, 2 ch, skip 2 stitches, 1 tr in next stitch, 12 tr under remaining chain, 1 dc in center loop, * 8 ch, 1 tr in tenth tr of first spoke, 2 ch, skip 2 tr, 1 tr in next tr, 2 ch, 1 tr in next tr, 5 ch, turn, 1 tr in first tr, 2 ch, 1 tr in second tr, 12 tr under the ch of 8, 1 dc in center loop. Repeat from * till there are 8 spokes. Now make 12 tr on the empty chain to bring you back to the insertion, then 2 ch, and repeat from second to the seventh rows, inclusive, except when you repeat fifth row; make 1 dc in the first hole of the eighth spoke of wheel to join the 2 parts, 2 ch, and proceed with sixth and seventh rows.

This completes the fifteenth row of the insertion. For the border around the pin-wheel, * make 5 ch, shell in the end hole of the wheel in the first spoke, repeat 7 times from * always making the shell in the top hole, 2 ch, 1 dc in ch of 3 between third and fourth rows of the insertion, 2 ch, turn and work back, shell in shell, *2 ch, 1 dc in ch of 5 of last row, 2 ch, shell in shell, repeat from *6 times, ending with 2 ch, having made 8 shells.

DAINTY WORK CASE.

Sixteenth Row.—Like second.

Seventeenth Row.—Like fifth.

Then make 5 ch, and make another row of shells with 5 ch between, around the wheel, making shell in shell. Make 5 ch after the last shell, and dc in the ch of 3 between the first and second rows of the insertion, turn, *2 ch, 1 dc on ch of 5, 2 ch, 8 tr, in shell with a picot on each tr made of 5 ch and fastened in the top of each tr with slip-stitch, making 7 picots. Repeat from *around the wheel, making 8 shells with picots; end with 2 ch, 1 dc in 5 ch, 2 ch. Repeat from the second to the ninth rows; at ch of 15 in ninth row stop and repeat the second and third rows as there must be 18 rows of the insertion] before the next pin-wheel is begun, no matter where the blocks come. Make the second pin-wheel and join the two scallops in the last row by the third picot from the insertion.

Dainty Work Case.

The illustration shows an extremely pretty and novel work case, or, as our grandmothers would have called it, "lady's companion." When it is opened out flat, as in the drawing, the shape is suggestive of a four-leafed clover; in order to close it up the ribbons are drawn together and tied into small bows at each corner. It is made of cardboard covered on the outside with pale pink silk and on the inside with white linen, on which tiny scattered roses are embroidered in delicate colors. The pockets are also of silk, and some of the ribbon is sewn down as indicated, to take the scissors, stiletto, bodkin and needle book.

Pretty Work Bag.

The illustration shows how to make a pretty bag for holding fancy work. It is made of dark blue satin, and is twelve inches

PRETTY WORK BAG.

wide and eight inches wide. At the top put a facing of rose-colored pink silk, two inches deep. Make a runner for the ribbon to go through and tie a bow at the side; the bow is satin ribbon, to match in color the facing. The long loops at the back are satin ribbon in color to match the bag. The loops are to hang the bag over the arm, or from the top of sewing chair. The ribbon is two inches wide and alike on both sides. The flowers in the pattern are worked with yellow and the leaves with bright green embroidery silks. Work a pattern on one side only of the bag.

A Handkerchief Case.

A most useful handkerchief case is made on a foundation of pasteboard four or five inches square. Cut three of these, covering

A HANDKERCHIEF CASE.

one as it is with lining, silk or sateen, as it will not show. Cut the others in half, covering two of the halves with silk on one side, velvet on the other. The colors should contrast, say brown and gold, garnet and pink, or two shades of green. The other halves are to be rounded at one edge, as shown in the cut, and similarly covered. Gather a strip of silk of the paler coler chosen, 4½ inches wide and 30 long, and fasten it to the square first covered. Then gather the upper sides in quarters, fastening opposite quarters to the oblong pieces placed velvet side up, and the other quarters to the straight sides of the rounded pieces. The oblong pieces will shut one way, the rounded ones the other. The latter may be edged with fancy plaited ribbon, and have strings to tie the case shut.

Pumpkin Pincushion.

If you wish a fine cushion use India silk of an orange color; for second best use any all-wool material of the same shade; for common use, canton flannel will be found serviceable, and really quite pretty. To make the cushion, first sew together two round pieces of firm white cloth, of any size preferred. Use the "over-hand" stitch. Stuff the cushion with curled hair; if that is not procurable use sawdust and bran, which must be perfectly dry. Fill the cushion very full that it may be firm, then cover it with silk or worsted cut to fit, and join the pieces with fine stitches. Now, "catch" the cushion through the center, passing the needles in and out through the seam which should run along the top and bottom and two sides of the cushion. Draw the cushion into sections as in the illustration by passing strong linen thread around it fasten-

PUMPKIN PINCUSHION.

ing the thread firmly in place, then covering it with fine tinsel cord, or embroidery silk. For the stem, join two curved pieces, as shown in the illustration fill with cotton and "catch" with invisible stitches to give a wrinkled appearance.

Useful and Fancy Articles.

Each season presents something new in fancy work, either in material or design. This season a great many very pretty and useful fancy articles are made of huckaback. Our grandmothers had towels and tablecloths of the same material but now it may be transformed into something decidedly pretty.

A pretty dresser scarf may be made of it. Find the required length, turn down an inch hem on each side. It may be simply hemmed but will be much handsomer if five or six threads are drawn at the top of the hem and then have it hemstitched. A pretty design to have stamped on it is fancy wheel-shaped figures scattered all over the scarf, some in groups, others alone. This requires two shades of silk to work it, one with which to outline it and the other with which to fill in. Fill in each division of the wheel by running the lighter silk back and fourth under the raised threads in the goods. A foundation is thus formed which may be outlined with the darker silk by following the lines stamped. The ends of the scarf may be hemmed the same as the sides, or have a fringe tied in.

How Oranges are Eaten.

The question, "How to eat an orange gracefully?" has developed more ingenuity than the serving of any other fruit. One way quite often adopted because of its effectiveness, is to cut through the rind, beginning each time at the same point (the blossom end) and letting the lines diverge to correspond to the inner sections, and half way down again approach each other leaving about one fourth of the distance uncut. Every alternate rind section is next bent forward and downward, then tucked between itself and the pulp, while the others stand outward. The inner sections are carefully separated from the blossom end to about three-fourths of the way down. This transforms the orange, in effect, into a beautiful flower, and a dish filled with them and interspersed with delicate green forms a beautiful color piece. Florida oranges, which are very juicy, are sometimes served with a circular piece of rind cut from one end, and a small circular section is cut all the way down through the center of the pulp. The orange is then easily eaten with an ordinary teaspoon.

Mandairn and tangarine oranges are of foreign origin. They are of delicious flavor and, being quite dry and the sections small, are easily peeled and eaten in sections. A very convenient way to serve them is to cut two lines through the rind, half an inch apart, and extending, transversely, the entire way around the middle of the orange. Strip off the remainder of the rind; cut this remaining strip entirely through at a point where two sections can be divided; then pull the orange open, separating the sections but leaving them attached to this ribbon-like strip of rind. These varieties command highest prices.

Fashions.

"It is not only what suits us, but to what we are suited."—LE PHILOSOPHE SOUS LES TOITS.

Address letters relating to this department to Editor "Fashions" Ladies' Pictorial Weekly, etc.

Nita's Dress From Jay's.

It is made of a grey crepon of a thick texture with a wide rib and the plain skirt is edged with opossum. The bodice has a square both at the back and front of a bright mauve cloth, striped with jet and silver, and outlining this is a border of opossum, while round the waist is a slightly draped belt made of black beaver-satin, a material whose surface resembles exactly that of a man's silk hat. The latest shapes in hats is a full Beefeater crown and a narrow open brim. It is made either in velvet or satin, and a cluster of plumes is fixed at one side of the front.

Walking Costume.

Walking costume of black vigogne. Skirt with a slight train, edged with jet. Mantle to match, trimmed with rich coque feathers, and beaded with jet. Deep yoke and high collar. Bonnet of silk, with Tam o' Shanter crown, and coronet of jet. Chenille ornament at the back and jetted osprey.

Latest New York Fashions.

A pretty evening bonnet was of pale blue velvet, ornamented with a jet band. The velvet was shirred very fully and in a round capote shape. A pale blue feather was tipped with jet and placed in front of the bonnet, falling gracefully over the hair.

The violet still stands the favorite flower, and as the season advances it is seen in various ways--on the coat of the old banker and the coat of the gilded youth, tucked in the loop of a coat, in front of the toque, or pinned on the muff—shedding its sweet fragrance every where.

A pretty white moire, striped with green had a prettily draped front of chiffon, which was held in place by a series of three bows.

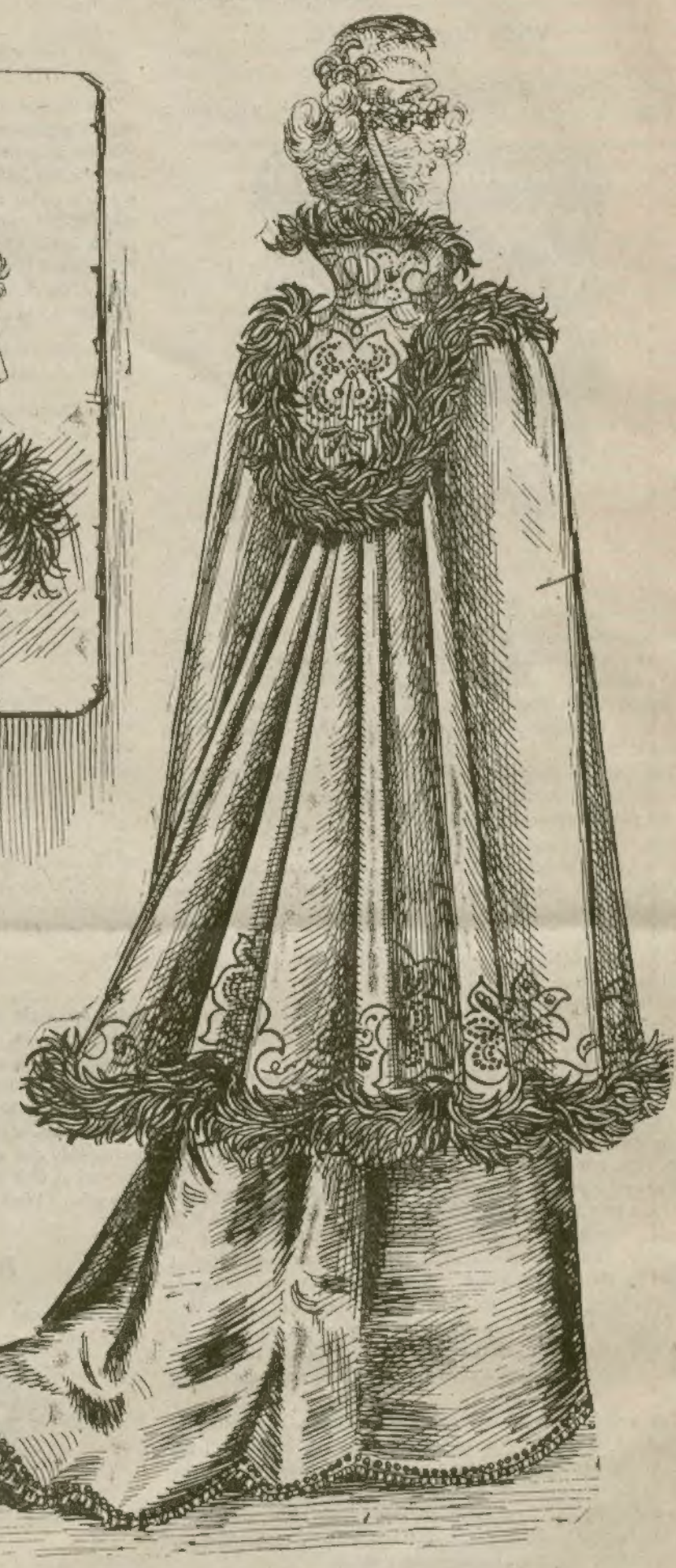
NITA'S DRESS FROM JAY'S.

which were connected together. The first one was below the waist; the second one near the bottom of the skirt, while the third one was lower down on the other side.

Less hair is been worn over the forehead, but that which is drawn back is being more generally curled in large, soft waves, and fastened in a loose knot at the becoming point of the head. All the combs in either gold, tortoise-shell or silver that can be worn are seen, the more elaborate the better.

A pretty toque, rather small in size, was of golden-brown velvet trimmed with sable-tails, which began and ended in the front in graceful loops. In one of these, placed with deliberative carelessness, was a most natural-looking bunch of dark purple velvet violets. In the back of the toque was a choux of delicate white lace.

Pretty vests are made of open passementerie, lined with a color of delicate shade, and are very pretty worn with a little cutaway jacket; the sleeves are also made of this material, India silk or crepe is much preferred to line either the passementerie or embroidery, having less body and being very soft.



WALKING COSTUME.

A morning dress in fawn cloth has a panel in the centre of the front of jewelled embroidery, which shows as the wearer moves the front breadth, almost closing over it; silver, gold, and silk appear in the intricacies of the pattern. With this skirt there is a long jacket and waistcoat matching the front. The sleeves are not very high.

Among the elegant gowns of a late trousseau is a gray toned camel's hair. To the tailor cut of this costume is given a showy addition in the form of a Louis XV. coat of gray velvet. This garment is garnished with a coquille frilling of pale pink arrophane. A broad brimmed hat holding drooping feathers in pink and gray completes the lovely toilet.

Rosettes of ribbon are also much used. They are made of satin ribbon about a quarter of an inch wide, and made to represent chrysanthemums, the ribbon being arranged in thick clusters. They are put on the shoulders or among the festoonings of the lace on either skirt or bodice, and give a very dainty effect.

Downy marabou banks can be procured in all the evening tints. Ostrich flues and peacock feathers add to the decorative beauties of this trimming.

A camel's hair as soft and fine as undressed cashmere is an especial favorite for tea gowns. Bengaline used in combination produces the most artistic effects.

Dinner and reception gowns in brocaded satins show jardiniere and ribbon effects. Detached nosegays in natural tints are tied with bow knots of tinsel.

Home and Visiting Gowns from Worth.

These new designs set forth Worth's tasteful plans of combining two materials in midwinter dresses. The charmingly youthful house dress is of red velvet almost covered with a tunic of rainbow-striped silk. The collar, cuffs, and ceinture are of gold galloon, with festooned cords and balls of cherry-color. The round belted waist, with draped front figures and pleated back, is exceedingly becoming to slender figures. The pleated skirt is a pleasing change from the bell skirt, and suggests a return to fuller skirts than any now worn. Velvet is the most becoming fabric for the under dress of this costume, as it is brought near the face and forms the entire sleeves, and will continue to be used in demi-season costumes of crepon, striped moires, and ribbed or corded woollens.

The visiting costume is a princess gown of black velvet, completed by sleeves, border, and facings of blue ribbed cloth. The successful combination of the two fabrics used in this gown makes a separate trimming unnecessary. The buttons are of cut jet. The elegant Virot capote is of pheasants' feathers framed in a chicore of black lace. It is brightened by a garniture of fire-red plush, a bow, torsade *licone*, and a high black aigrette. A short boa, of black feathers completes the *chic ensemble*.

HOME AND VISITING GOWNS FROM WORTH.

Cosy Corner Chats With Our Girls.

"My wish . . . that womankind had but one rosy mouth, to kiss them all at once from north to south."

(This department is edited by Cousin Ruth who will be glad to hear from our girl readers. Address all letters, suggestions, comments, questions to "Cousin Ruth," Ladies Pictorial Weekly, etc.)

If I Were a Girl.

If I were a girl, a true-hearted girl,
Just budding to fair womanhood,
There's many a thing I would not do,
And numberless more that I would.
I never would frown with my mouth drawn down,
For the creases will come there and stay;
But sing like a lark, should the day be dark—
Keep a glow in my heart, anyway!

If I were a girl, a bright, winsome girl,
Just leaving my childhood behind;
I would be so neat, from head to my feet,
That never a fault could one find.
So helpful to mother, so gentle to brother,
I'd have things so cheery and sweet
That the streets and their glare could never compare
With the charms of a home so replete.

If I were a girl, a fond, loving girl,
With father o'erburdened with care,
I would walk at his side, with sweet, tender pride,
With ever a kiss and a prayer.
Not a secret I'd keep that could lead to deceit,
Not a thought I should blush to share;
Not a friend my parents would disapprove—
I would trust such a girl anywhere!

I wonder how many of you have plants to care for in winter' girls? And have you, who care for them successfully, noticed that too much care is as bad as too little? It is just so with people. If you are forever chiding, and ordering, and bossing people, they act just as ugly as plants do, that you are continually watering, and dusting, and moving, they get shrivelled, and puckered, and frowning, or they dwindle, and spindle, and turn peaked, or they make a bad failure in some aggravating and unforeseen way, just like people, isn't it now? When I was little, I can remember my nurse saying, "Well, Miss Ruth, you're an aggravating child, I've told you more than a hundred times not to tease your little brother, and you will keep on doing it!" Just think, more than a hundred times, and I hadn't stopped then! I see lots of Miss Ruths about to-day, but I think the trouble is half with the people, who keep eternally forbidding things. If they would only employ the time wasted in saying "Don't," in thinking how they could say "Do," I don't think they'd be great losers.

WHAT made me write that, girls, was a letter I got from a cousin this week, complaining of her mother. My! I just felt dreadfully when I read it, dreadfully sorry for the girl, because I could see what she couldn't, and dreadfully sorry for the mother, because I know she is right, and the girl is wrong. Just listen what this new cousin says: "I write to ask your opinion about these things, I cannot go to my mother, for she disapproves of them altogether." My dear little girl, I don't know you; your mother does. I may love you, as I do all my paper cousins, but not with the love your mother does; I may be anxious for your welfare, but not as she is; I have not cared for you for seventeen years as she has, nor watched your footsteps, nor nourished your little life from my own, nor taught you your prayers. Oh, my cousin Nan, don't go back on your own mother. Those things she disapproves of your doing, give up! Do not stop to argue, that makes you more set in your own way. Just give them up. I am not even going to tell you why, if your mother has not done so. You may show her this paper, and tell her that Cousin Ruth could not, dare not step into her shoes, not because she hasn't got her own opinions on the questions you ask, but because she does so hope to hear that her little cousin Nan has made up her mind that mother's love and mother's opinion comes first of all. Write again, Nan, dear!

I saw two girls on the street corner yesterday, and one had a parcel in her hand, a couple of books papered up. "I will lend you one," she said to her friend, "if you'll be very careful not to let anyone see it." "Why not?" asked the other. "Oh, because its not a proper book at all, and the people would think you were fast, you know." The other girl hesitated a moment, then said carelessly, "Well, if I've got to hide it, I guess I don't want it. I could not go round with that weight on my mind, besides mother's always round my things, and she's so cute she'd be sure to spot it!" How glad I was that girl had a wide-awake mother, but the next moment I heard the other girl say, "Well, I declare! I wouldn't have people spying round my room. I keep my door locked always." Then I knew just what kind of a room she had, undusted, close, stuffy, with her rubbers under the bed, and her wash towels hung in a musty lump on the chair-back; and when she got in the car, I was quite pleased to notice that the braid hung off her skirt in little fringes, and that her boots had each a button missing. Aha, said I, watching her as she rode off with her bad books under her arm, lock your door, and keep your mother out, do you? You look like it! The other girl walked slowly down the street. For a moment her face was reddened, her brow clouded, then she looked about her, gave a sort of a shrug and started off at such a pace that I soon lost her in the crowd. But, dear cousins, her words sounded bravely in my ears for all day, "If I've got to hide it, I guess I don't want it." Don't they sound good? Just lay them by until your turn comes. Perhaps some friend will offer you a present, which you would like to own, but which you know you would not be allowed to accept, if it were known; some pleasure will be suggested, which had be better taken on the sly; some sweeter temptation than all these may come, in an unwise affection, which you are ashamed to have known. Ah, dear girlies, say then what that honest girl said yesterday. "If I've got to hide it, I guess I don't want it!" Not "I'll do without it," or, "I'll give it up," but, "I don't want it." Do you see the difference?

IT is very hard sometimes to give up the present, the fun, the lover; ah, girls, Cousin Ruth knows just how hard, but good is sure to come. I have a little cousin in this city who would not listen to me once, when I took it upon me to advise her. She had a beau—a little, ugly, curly-headed, brainless creature, who walked her round evenings until she was so tired she could not sleep; he did not have to get up at six in the morning as she did, but used to sleep until ten or later, while his mother kept his breakfast warm for him. I used sometimes to feel like laughing, and sometimes like swearing, or crying, or something as desperate, when I would hear them strolling up and down at eleven o'clock at night, with her tired little feet lagging, and her poor little shoulders bent with fatigue. Well, one day she came to me and told me they were going to be married and live with his mother. I talked seriously to her then, I can tell you, and she just smiled and cried and was obstinate. They did not get married, because he had to go to the North-west the time of the Indian outbreak. Well, for a few weeks after he went she moped about, then she went to call on his mother, and there she met another girl to whom he had engaged himself while he was away in the day-time, and my poor little cousin was drudging round the house of her mistress.

IT was rather hard on her, wasn't it? but it turned out for the best, for a very decent young workman, who had heard her singing over her work, and chatted over the fence, while he built a house in the next lot, came boldly up to her, after church one evening, and escorted her home. When the troops came back, the little woman was comfortably settled in a trim little cottage, and had a home and a husband to be proud of. And once, some years ago, when I went to a christening in that trim cottage, the big husband said, "Ay, Miss Ruth, we're comfortable, and might have been so months sooner, only I had seen Lou going round with yon barber's block, and, thinks I, if that's her fancy, she won't like such as me!" Lou looked over at me appealingly, as she cuddled her baby, and I looked back a whole bookful of "I told you so's."

COUSIN RUTH.

Practical Information for the Housewife

"Nothing lovelier can be found in woman than to study household good."—MILTON.

All questions regarding this department will be cheerfully answered in this column.—Ed.

A Cure for Love.

Take twelve ounces of dislike, one pound of resolution, two grains of common sense, two ounces of experience, a large sprig of time, and three quarts of the cooking water of consideration, set them over the gentle fire of love, sweeten it with the sugar of forgetfulness, skim it with the spoon of melancholy, put it into the bottom of your heart. Cork it with the cork of clear conscience and let it remain and you will quickly find ease and be restored to your senses again.

These things can be had of the Apothecary at the house of understanding, next door to reason on Prudent street in the Village of contentment.

Take when a spell comes on.

Saving Work.

How to be cleanly, and reduce the labor of washing and ironing to a minimum, is a question which deserves consideration; for most housekeepers consider washing and ironing hard, disagreeable work at best. Plain, substantial underclothing in place of ruffles and tucks will do much toward making the ironing easier. Indeed plain, clean underclothing is perfectly wholesome without being ironed at all. The best way to save washing is to require each member of the family to take a daily bath. Then if the clothing worn during the day is aired at night, and the night clothes and bedding aired in the morning, it will not be necessary to change so often. Physicians usually recommend a morning bath, but those of us who have to make a fire and get breakfast, dress two or three children, feed the chickens, skim the milk and do forty other things can hardly find time in the morning for a thorough bath, much less see to the bathing of the children. But after the day's work is done, the rooms are warm, and it only takes a few minutes to take a brisk sponge bath. For myself, I have never experienced any ill effects from an evening bath; on the contrary, after a hard day's work, nothing is so restful as a good bath. Of course this plan necessitates an early and light supper, which in itself is a good thing. No one should take a bath within two hours after eating a full meal. A well ordered bath room is a convenience, but not a necessity.

There are a great many little ways of saving washing. An oilcloth tablecloth is easily kept clean and makes the washing lighter. If linen is preferred, have a square of oilcloth under baby's plate and have bibs for the little ones, and napkins for the rest.

If the children are given a lunch or "piece" between meals, do not allow them to take it and run; but require them to sit and eat it, and when they are through wash their hands. Teach them to wash their hands in water and wipe them on a towel, not wipe them in water and wash them on a towel.

Have plenty of holders; they will save your aprons and tea towels. A sack of rags hanging near the stove is handy in case of accidents. When anything is spilled, wipe it up and burn the rag.

Have a light apron to use when kneading bread or working with flour. Hang it behind the pantry door, and do not use it for any other purpose. An oilcloth apron is useful when washing or doing any dirty work. An apron with long sleeves is convenient when one wishes to do a little work with a good dress on. Aprons are much easier washed than dresses, so have plenty of them.

Above all teach the children by example and precept to be careful about soiling their clothes. They will have just as much "fun" if they try to save mamma trouble as they will to think merely of their own pleasure.

An Ideal Husband.

39. A man of steadfast christian principle, gentle, patient and unselfish. Loves his home and spends his evenings there—not always behind a newspaper. Is not afraid, when occasion demands, to put his shoulder to the wheel of household machinery; neither does he allow all the burden of caring for, and training of, the children to rest upon his wife. And if by reason of overwrought nerves she is sometimes unguarded in speech he knows enough to "hold his tongue," and through honey-moon, middle life and old age, he is truly and heartily in love with his wife.

40. Having peered with furtive eyes on the men folks about, also their women folks, wall, I'd like one church goin', long-sufferin', no swearin' neither chewin', likewise with loud hollerin' vice so he'd jine the quoir, fat red face and hair, they're so churky; with a good name like out o' the Bible, not one o' them new-fangled names folks hears now-a-days, like Jehoshafat, then I'd call him Joshy or Fatty. He must also do milkin', charnin', harnessin' the hosses when I desire to go inter town; likewise a bilin' gingham yearly, an' new alpacy every five year sartain'. Good-bye, Persilley.

41. To my mind the characteristics are, a man strictly honest and honorable with his fellow man, one who attends strictly and conscientiously to business, one who can control appetite, temper, and passions, is thoughtful for the comfort and well-being of the opposite sex, purely simple minded, unselfish enough to minister to the necessities and exigencies of his family and willing to help others. To be such a man he must live and walk with God.

42. Great good nature, good humor, and good sense. Lively by all means; stupid by no means. His person agreeable, rather than handsome. Always clean, but not foppish in his dress. Youth promises a duration of happiness, therefore it is agreeable. Well read in the classics, but no pedant. Experimentally acquainted with natural philosophy. A good ear for music, but no fiddler. An easy and unaffected politeness. He must have courage enough to defend his own and his wife's honor, and last, but not least, must be a truly pious man.

43. An ideal husband should be a sincere christian, a true gentleman, as courteous and kind to his wife as to other ladies. He must occasionally let her have some money and not ask her how she spent every cent of it. He must be able and willing to assist in the house work if necessary. He should be glad to help take care of the children, and love, honor, and sometimes obey his wife.

44. My ideal husband must be at least twenty-five years of age, a christian, kind, yet masterful, possessing firmness of character, strong, able-bodied, and for the rest, let him be a man, lover, and husband in the truest and most holy sense of the words.

45. An ideal husband should be an intelligent christian, musical, witty, handsome, wealthy, always cheerful, attentive and polite to his wife and family at home as abroad, must be very particular in dress. Ever ready to talk business and politics, or whatever interests him, with his wife; always having her accompany him on pleasure trips. Must not use tobacco in any form. Be a good provider, keeping a watchful eye for something new to please the loved ones at home. He should always think that all his wife says and does is just right. She should be an Ideal wife.

Grisi's Children.

It is delightful to read of two persons in the same profession who are happily married. Identical tastes and pursuits bring about a certain harmony of relation which is both rare and beautiful. Grisi, the great singer, married the tenor Mario, and some incidents told in the *Youth's Companion* of them and their children prove an unusual happy domestic life.

The prima donna identified her own success entirely with that of her husband, always preferring his advancement to her own. Perhaps the clever reply which she made to the Emperor Nicholas, of Russia, was half-serious, in embodying this spirit of self-surrender.

"So," said his majesty, jocosely, pointing to her children, "these are your little Grisettes."

"No, sire," she returned, "they are my little Marionettes."

The children themselves tell an amusing story of their own sensations at one of their mother's public triumphs in Dublin. Grisi's admirers had dragged her carriage to the hotel, and she had sung to them again, "as if she were tearing the harp-strings asunder and singing from the depth of her heart." The enthusiasm of the listeners knew no bounds.

"They climbed up the lamp-post," said one of the children, in after years. "We thought they would come into the room, and when one speaker called out, 'Leave us one of your children!' our fright was awful. In a chorus of pitiful little voices we begged mamma not to leave us behind; we would be such good children!"

In The Play Room.

"Mild or wild we love you, loud or still, child or boy."—SWINBURNE.

(The editor of this department will be pleased to receive letters from young contributors. Contributions such as puzzles, short stories, etc., will be welcomed.)

A Mouse's Tale.

I had a little mouse,
Black and white.
She had a little house,
Nice and bright.

Her house was but a box,
Windows but bars,
Her doors had no locks
Nothing that jars.

I loved my little mouse,
She loved me.
She in her little house
Was fair to see.

Her eyes were black as jet,
Her coat like silk.
I fed my little pet,
On bread and milk.

One day, I'll ne'er forget,
I let her fast.
Ne'er thought about my pet,
Till day was past.

Next morn, to my dismay,
When I went there,
Mousie had gone away—
The home was bare.

Empty! Ah, yes, indeed!
Sad, but too true.
No mouse came out to feed,
Nought was in view.

I saw her once again,
To make her stay
I tried, but all in vain—
She got away.

Long time afterward,
People said
(Ah! it was very hard)
Mousie was dead!

Caught by a cur
(Wee thing, so frail).
That was the end of her,
And of my tale.

No 1. Arithmetical Puzzles.

John Schmidt had ninety rabbits; he also had three sons, named Sam, Jim and John. To Sam he gave ten rabbits, to Jim thirty rabbits and to John he gave the remainder. They each sold their rabbits at the same rates, and when all were sold they each had the same amount of money.

State how this result was arrived at.

No. 2.

If seven cats can kill seven rats in seven minutes how many cats will be required to kill one hundred rats in fifty minutes.

No. 3. Quaint Riddles.

These curious riddles have one answer and are familiar to the people of various parts of France.

What goes from Paris to Lyons without moving or taking a step?
What goes to Paris without once pausing?
I am very long; if I rose up straight I could touch the sky; if I had arms and legs I could catch the thief; if I had eyes and mouth I could tell every thing.
White, very white, it encircles the earth.
If I was not crooked I could not exist.
The queen's carpet, always spread, never folded.
What looks very long in the sunshine and has no shadow?
What arrives first at the market and first reaches home?

Written for the LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

Patty's Practice Prize.

BY ANNIE MELLEVILLE.

"1-2-3-4, 1-2-3-4; Oh, bother practice, what's the use of scales and flats or anything else! it's all very well trying for that prize, but if I had a nice piece like Jessie has I'd practise lots; I won't do any more now 't-any rate. It's such a lovely day, I wonder if Jess' could come and play, I'll go and ask her." Patty Jefferson closed the battered old scale book and taking her hat off the table ran out of the house. She was a merry little girl of ten, and was living with her Aunt Louise while Mr. and Mrs. Jefferson were away on a trip for the latter's health.

No wonder Patty did not want to practise, it was such a bright day, towards the end of October when sunny, warm days begin to grow scarce; the leaves lay thick on the ground, and a good-sized heap was gathered under the large maple that shaded the terrace at the side of the house. Patty jumped over it, ran through the gateway and down the street till she came to the pretty cottage in which Jessie Woolerton lived. She ran up the steps and knocked—no, she did not knock, instead she turned the handle and walked in. "Hullo Jessie, come out and play," she said to her friend, a girl about her own age who was seated at the piano practising.

"I havn't finished practising yet," replied Jessie. "I have three-quarters—no, half an hour more."

"Leave it till afterwards; do come out now, the wind shook a lot of leaves down, we could—"

"Well, read till I've finished. You can go on with that story—"

"The sun will go down soon."

"Go down soon," laughed Jessie, "why Patty it's only a quarter to three."

"Well it goes out, I mean it begins to get dark about five: How long have you practised?"

"An hour."

"An hour is all we need to do. I think you might come."

"But I want to do an hour and a half."

"Then I'll read till you've finished," said Patty a little crossly. Five minutes passed in silence, then Patty exclaimed, "Oh do hurry!"

"Can't hurry time Pat."

"Well, leave the rest."

"How long have you practised?"

"About ten minutes."

"And when will you finish it."

"Sometime or other to-night."

"No Patty, you know you won't do it to-night, go and practise now."

In spite of her obstinacy Patty's resolution to stay wavered when Jessie spoke so earnestly. Mrs. Herberts had a fairly large music class, and in order to interest her pupils in their practice had offered a prize for the one who practised most, counting from the first of December to the end of October; but it was quite decided, at least among the other competitors, that the prize was between Patty Jefferson and Jessie Woolerton. Unfortunately the latter caught cold and could not practise for a week, so Patty got a good deal ahead of her. "If Patty should catch cold I'd soon make up—Oh what a wish, no I don't want her to," Jessie had said; now was a good chance, for if she went out to play, and stayed late she knew Patty would not give up a party for her practise, and then—but Jessie would not avail herself of the opportunity.

"Do go and practise please; if you want to get the prize you must practise."

"I will, but I want to play for a while."

"Well you'll be sorry if you don't do it now," and she resumed her exercises.

"Oh dear! you are so mean," cried Patty not knowing of the struggle which had taken place in Jessie's unselfish heart.

She put back the book and went home.

Seven o'clock came; Patty was dressed for the party waiting for Jessie to call for her; as she wandered restlessly about the room her eye fell on the little book in which she kept account of her practise.

"Oh my practise! it's too late to do it now, what a shame; I did intend to do it, but I forgot—at least I had to feed my kittens and I forgot after that; Mrs. Herberts says it's not the hours we practise, but it's to see who tries most, I've tried hard, I don't see why I should lose 'cus I forgot! I did—how much did I do? let me see, it was five minutes after two when I began and—and—I glanced at the dining-room clock as I passed, and it was—twenty-five minutes after."

Twenty was soon dotted down opposite the word scales, and Patty tried to shut from her mind the remembrance that she began to time herself by the study clock, and that the dining-room one was ten minutes fast.

"I'll do a minute or two now and make up for any I may have idled then," she thought, for conscience pricked. She looked at the clock. "Two minutes after seven, I'll get my coat on so that Jess' won't have to wait for me." After some ineffectual attempts, the coat was on comfortably, but she couldn't find her cap; it was upstairs and when that was on, she put on her gloves with some trouble, then remembering that she was going to practise took them off again; "I only take a minute to dress, now from three minutes after seven—" she began to practise without looking at the clock. At twenty minutes after seven Jessie and her brother came.

Later in the evening, during a pause in the dancing, (for games were beneath these young ladies), Jessie asked "How much did you practise?"

"An hour, an hour," conscience repeated.

"Well twenty minutes before I went out, and twenty—"

"How do you make twenty minutes between ten minutes after seven, and twenty minutes after," continued conscience.

"Well—it was seven when I put on my coat, and—" but even so, do forty minutes make an hour? be careful Patty, be very careful!"

The next day Patty reasoned with herself thus—

"I'd better put down an hour, you see it was two minutes after seven when I began, and it was twenty-five minutes to eight when we got to Mary's house, and I know we can walk there in five minutes or even three, and then—well—I think I did an hour."

The thirty-first of October came; the day the prize was to be given, the girls were seated in rows at one end of the music-room and as they sat according to their ages Jessie, being thirteen, was a little in front of Patty who was twelve; the former knew that she must be nearly up to Patty, and besides being very nervous and excitable, she was very anxious to please her mother by winning the prize. Her pale face reproached Patty who was also feeling very nervous. When Mrs. Herberts came in Patty trembled, "Forty minutes" the clock seemed to say, "Forty minutes, forty minutes make an hour!" The hands seem to be pointing at her, and half fearing that the others would hear what it was saying Patty turned away. "Ha, ha!" creaked the chair, "Forty minutes, yes forty that's all." Everything seemed to be mocking and laughing at her; she longed to get up and run away when with a dreadful start she was made away of the fact that Mrs. Herberts was making a little speech to the class by hearing that awful forty minutes! "Yes" Mrs. Herberts was saying, "I'm sure I've not made mistakes in adding up your hours and minutes for I added them up for forty whole minutes! I am very pleased to see how hard you tried, and I should like to give a prize to each one, but in accordance with my first rules—Patty Jefferson, you have won the prize by thirty minutes."

One glance at Jessie's face, as she struggled to press back her tears and look pleased at her friend's success, was enough—

"Oh Mrs. Herberts. I've been unfair! I'm not ahead: Jessie is, please give her the prize, I—I put down—" and before all the girls Patty told what she had done.

Jessie's prize was a nicely bound "History of Fairyland," but honor which she never again stained was Patty's Practice Prize.

Mothers' Corner.

"May perpetual youth keep dry their eyes from tears."—TENNYSON

Written for the LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

Word of Love.

BY J. J. MURPHY

One little word of love is worth
Far more than courtly speech,
Though whispered in the lowest tones
The inner ear 'twill reach;
Though golden gems from cultured lips
May eloquently fall
Each heart confesses that one word
Of love outweighs them all.

When sorely chastened and bereft
Of joys the heart held dear,
When hope, and dreams that cheered our way
Fade out and disappear;
When sorrow settles round the hearth
And clouds hang dark above,
Oh! how the heart in secret pines
For just one word of love.

One word of love will warm the soul
Adversity has chilled,
One word of love, life's stormy waves
And passions oft has stilled;
And much of all the wants and woes
The human heart may feel,
From childhood's hour to lonely age
One word of love can heal.

None are so poor they cannot give
This coin to whom they choose,
None are so rich they can afford
The rare gift to refuse;
And earthly places have been made
As fair as realms above,
With Heaven's own glory there because
Of one sweet word of love.

Written for the LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

Mother.

The word mother is the first which the heart pronounces, even without ever having learnt it. In the language of every nation it expresses the first respiration of the heart. Those who love to explore the mysteries of human language, concealed in the folds of even the simplest words, say wonderful things of this one phrase, "My Mother." Whatever may be the cause, the perfume it exhales never passes away; the words "My Mother" preserves a charm that ever lingers around the heart. Man may become deaf to every word, insensible to every name, but there is still one word he comprehends, one name that ever vibrates—"My Mother."

Man may forget all; even God; but he never forgets his mother. Amid the greatest ruins of his heart this image always stands erect. Above all, when years have passed since we lost her; when our life is already on the decline and the descending sun casts the lengthened shadow of our past days before us, we seem to see in its sombre shade an image crowned with pure light, which years embellish in proportion as they withdraw it from us; and under the charm of a remembrance, always fresh and full of youth, our heart in its secret recesses cries out "My Mother; Ah, yes it is my mother." With this thought the heart seems to find a perpetual youth. Our most secret souvenirs, hidden, perhaps, from even our most intimate friends, preserve a charm which is perpetuated and multiplied as our days increase.

Whence comes the mysterious charm attached to this word? Charm incomparable, surviving all that dies during our life, strong and vigorous, resting in the heart until the end? Ah! it is because this word is the most natural, and lively expression of a something in our hearts for which we can find none similar.

This something, permit me to name it here—because it is impossible in the purely human order to find for it a sense more legitimate, purer and more sacred than that which our subject imposes upon it—this something, whence comes this word "Mother" the perfume which embalms it, is Love.

On this earth the mother is the sweetest personification of love; her face bears the most beautiful smile of love because her heart guards its richest treasure. The maternal heart is the birth-place of the love which forms the foundation of our life.

M. M. LOUGHRAN.

SHE—Will you write to me on your return to college? He—Why—er—you know I can't— She—Oh, I don't expect you to write brilliantly or amusingly; just write as you talk.

Culinary.

"Man is a carnivorous production and must have meals."—Byron.

How to Keep Fruit-Butters.

I have had as much trouble as other housekeepers, I know, to keep peach butter or other kinds made in hot weather from working or molding. I tried a new method this year, and it worked admirably.

I filled my jars nearly full, and then poured in melted butter one fourth of an inch deep. I set them in a cool cellar and left them until the weather became cool. They were just as nice as when put up. I thought this might help some other housekeeper.

Gold and Silver Cake.—Three cups of sugar; 6 cups of flour; 2 cups of butter; 8 eggs; half a pound each of raisins, currants, citron, and almonds; 2 light spoonfuls of Royal Baking Powder. Mix as usual, and bake in a regularly heated moderaie oven. It is a delicious cake.

Almond Blanc Mange.—Boil a quart of milk with half a pound of sifted sugar, adding either vanilla or bitter almonds to flavor it. Remove from the fire; have an ounce of gelatine previously steeped in cold water for two hours. Add this to the still hot milk and set over the fire for one more boil-up. Then pour it into a cold, wetted mold to set.

Stewed Beef.—This is a good way of treating the rougher and tougher portions of the meat. Rub the beef well with a mixture of pepper, salt, cloves and allspice—the quantity of these depends on the size of the piece. A tablespoonful of each for three or four pounds of meat is plenty. Cover the meat with cold water, add one large carrot, one large onion stuck with six clove, and stew slowly for three or four hours until the meat is tender. Half an hour before serving add a wineglass of wine.

Walnut Cake.—One cup of milk; three-quarters of a cup of buttter; 2 cups of granulated sugar; 3 cups of flour; 3 even teaspoonfuls of baking powder; 3 eggs; not quite a cupful of broken-up English walnuts. Beat butter and sugar together; beat the milk in slowly; beat separately the wites of the eggs; sift the baking powder into the flour; add all together, putting the broken nuts in after the batter is thoroughly beaten smooth. Bake in low square pans. Ice both cakes, and put one cake on the top of the other. Divide the icing into squares with the back of a knife, and garnish each square with a half nut laid in its centre.

Creamed Oysters.—One quart oysters, one cupful milk with a tiny pinch of soda dissolved in it, one cupful oyster liquor, three tablespoonfuls of butter, two tablespoonfuls of flour, one egg, juice of half a lemon, pepper and salt. Cook the butter and flour together until they bubble; add the milk and oyster liquor, and stir until you have a thick sauce. Into this drop the oysters free from the liquor. Have ready an egg beaten lightly in a cup, mix some of the hot sauce with it, turn all back into the saucepan, stir one minute—no longer—and take from the fire. Season with pepper, salt and lemon juice. Have ready buttered scallop shells, fill them with the creamed oysters, sprinkle lightly with crumbs, dot thickly with bits of butter, and brown delicately in a quick oven. Eat very hot.

Mrs. Cleveland's Champagne Biscuits.—The ingredients are eight ounces of flour, eight ounces of powdered sugar, eight eggs, a quarter ounce of caraway seeds and a pinch of salt. Work the butter in a basin with a wooden spoon until it presents the appearance of a thick cream; then gradually add the sugar, flour, yelks of eggs, caraway seeds and salt. After this mix the eight whites of eggs, previously whipped firm for the purpose. Have a sheet of stout cartridge paper folded in reverse plaits so as to present, when opened, the appearance of a fan with angular trenches about an inch deep. Fill a biscuit-forcer with some of the batter and force into the paper trenches finger-like biscuits about three inches long. Shake some sifted sugar over them, and bake a light brown color in a moderate oven.

A Nice Supper Dish.—Cure two beef tongues by submerging them in a brine made of one pound and a quarter of salt, one gallon of water, a teacupful of brown sugar, and a tablespoonful of saltpetre. Let the tongues lie ten days in this brine. Take them out, and trimming them shapely at the large end, put them on to boil in only enough water to cover them well. Skim all the impurities off that rise to the surface. When the tongues are well done take them up, and let the water in the kettle continue to boil until reduced to about a half-pint. Peel the skin of the tongues, and then fit them together in the bottom of the two-quart tin bucket, the small end of one fitting into the large end of the other. Pour over them the little liquor left in the kettle, and when cold the mould can be turned out, and makes a beautiful as well as a delightful relish for the tea or supper table.

Tongue With Sauce Tartare.—For this a corned tongue is preferable. It should be cooked as directed for tongue with mushrooms, except that, being salt, it must be put down in cold, not boiling, water, and need not be skewered. When done, cut of downwards about three inches of the tip of the tonge. Chop this fine, and mix with it a cupful of mayonnaise, or any rich salad dressing to which has been added two stoned and choped olives, two chopped gherkins,. one minced slice of onion, and a dessertspoonful of capers. In a salad dish make a flat rosette of crisp lettuce leaves, and in the centre of this make a little mound of the sauce Tartare. Slice downward very thinly the balance of the tongue, and surround the rosette with these, arranged in overlapping slices. Half peel a dozen small red radishes, and turn back the rind till they look like half-open roselbuds. Place each on a small lettuce leaf, set around the broad edge of the platter, and set on the ice till ready to serve.

Yeast from Sweet Potatoes.—Sweet potatoes to the weight of two pounds; boil, peel and mash while hot. Add to this one-half a cupful of white sugar, one-quarter of a cupful of salt and one pint of the water in which the potatoes were boiled. Steep a small handful of hops in one quart of boiling water for fifteen minutes, then drain from the hops, and let it stand until quite cold. In the meantime the potato mixture will, also, have become cold. Then mix the hop tea (gradually) with the mashed potato and other ingredients adding a cupful of old yeast and a small teaspoonful of ground ginger. This can be kept for six weeks, or longer, if tightly corked in bottles. Always shake well before using. In winter it is well to add one and one-half tablespoonfuls of flour, but in summer this is not needed.

Creamed Potatoes.—Boil slowly enough potatoes to make a pint when cut into dice. (If the taste of baked potatoes is preferred, prepare them in that way). An hour before tea is served, cut the cold potatoes into thin cubes. For a generous pint of potatoes, boil one quart of morning's milk—taking off the cream to use on the top dressing. Leave out enough of the milk to moisten ten tablespoonfuls of flour—wetting it gradually to prevent lumping; when very thin stir into the hot milk until a smooth, thick dressing is made. Add three heaping tablespoonfuls of butter, salt and pepper to taste. Stir the potato cubes into the dressing, pour into baking dish, cover with a very thin layer of cracker meal dotted over with butter, and moisten with the cream from the milk. Set in the oven until it is a golden brown. Very nice.

Prof. Wickle's Prize Graphological Examination.

Special Notice.

The Ideal Wife Prize Examination closed on Dec. 15th. We shall continue to publish in this column the delineation of the different specimens of handwriting sent in for the Prize Competition until they have been completed. We will then publish the decision with the numbers to which the different prizes were awarded. No more specimens of handwriting will be delineated for this Examination. It will be useless for subscribers to forward them, as Competition closed, as above stated, on Dec. 15th, and we shall simply continue to publish those which were received on or before that date.

Delineations.

424 This is a person of merry humor and good ability. She is sociable, loving, rather pronounced in opinion, fond of good living, and though fully alive to the advantages of wealth, not necessarily mercenary; culture and ease of manner are lacking, but good self-respect, and a disposition to make the best of things are fully developed.

425 This lady has love of beauty and good taste marked, as well as amiability and excellent judgment. She is careful, saving of her effort, rather clever, but not very determined. Shows rather grace and taste than strength, she has good powers of imagination and some humor, is reasonably ambitious, and of a hopeful temperament; would make a charming and faithful wife.

426 This writing is not beautiful though it shows some good traits. The writer is generous, conscientious, observant, and apt to be successful in her ventures; she never lightly renounces a project, is rather fond of conversation, a little prejudiced in opinion, rather impatient, but every bit alive and stirring when work is to done.

427 This is a deliberate mind, quietly amiable and determined, with large plans and power of imagination. Writer would be faithful where she loved, and rather unforgiving of an injury, has a good opinion of herself, likes to make a good impression, is undoubtedly clever, with some originality, but not great impulse or energy. There are some lines which whisper of a little affectation, but the general impression is of honest and straightforward methods, therefore I am loth to pronounce the writer in any way unreliable.

428 Extreme originality, well developed opinions, some talent, and a persistence which is phenomenal are shown in this writing. Strong feelings, hopeful nature, very careful and conscientions effort, energy and decision, rather a practical and independent mind, in fact, the writing is almost unique as the effort of a lady. I can scarcely fancy her the leaning and confiding wife. She is far better fitted to lead than to follow, and though she is worthy of a governor, will, as such fine women invariably do, probably take pity on some trowsered creature as weak as she is strong, and love and cherish him in perfect content.

429 This lady is very self-assertive, and has strong opinions, and great capacity of enjoyment or suffering. She is hopeful, humorous, somewhat imaginative, fond of looking into the future, capable of devotion and faithful affection, clear in ideas, and somewhat communicative; she lacks tact and intuitive perception, and her taste is crude and uncultivated, but observable, and worth developing. The lady inquires what are her chances for wifehood. If graphology is not very far astray they are about 99 in 100 in her favor.

430 This lady is idealistic to excess, she lacks decision and stability, her effort is often wasted impractically for want of judgment; she is in the clouds when she should be on the earth, at the same time, under sufficient stimulus, she can accomplish more than she is given credit for. She has some taste, sense of beauty, and love of pretty things, both in art and nature. A gentle femine nature, full of winning ways, and deserving of love and consideration.

431 This is an easy going and careless lady, even less apt to resent injury than to inflict it; she is conscientious, confiding, but not foolishly so; hopeful and though lacking in judgment yet by no means imprudent, her weakness is rather in weighing advantages, and deciding on a course. She is faithful, persevering, original in some of her methods. Should make a kind, reasonable and comfortable sort of a helpmeet to a worthy man.

432 Here is an impulsive, impetuous and imaginative lady, with good ability, a little carelessness, ambition to success, hope, and very good temper, lacks decision.

Correspondence.

The correspondence columns are open to all readers of the Ladies Pictorial Weekly. Questions relating to fashions, etiquette, literature or any subject of interest to our readers can be sent in for reply. Address correspondence editor in care of this paper.

Andrew Martin.—I will hand your request to the Household Information Editor. It was too late in reaching me for this week.

Invalid.—I will see that your numbers are forwarded, but you had better enquire at the post office if the others have not been mislaid, as they were certainly sent from here, every week. I am truly sorry for this affliction you mention, but I don't remark the weakness in your letter. Patience and rest will perhaps do you good. Sometimes this weakness only lasts during a certain period. I hope to hear that you are better soon, but I dare not give you advice, because anything the matter in the way you mention is very critical.

Excelsior.—Naturally your writing will develope in the same way as your character does. Some people profess to tell the age as well as the disposition of parties; on this account a good many think Professor Wickle is too lenient on them; but the same spirit which prompts this remark, is doubtless leading them to correct their faults, and the desire to overcome them, as well as the consciousness of their existence, shews in the writing and gives promise of ultimate success and approach to perfection. 2. I am not aware of the circumstance you enquire about. 3. I fancy the Professor when he has more leisure will be glad to do so at some future time. 4. I am so pleased that you and your friends admire the kettle. It is a cute little thing.

Frances V. A. (Englewood).—Graphology is somewhat of a science, and is practised subject to certain rules, which have been formed after long observation and study of handwriting. There are numerous professors of it in the large cities, and it is very fashionable. Our Professor has requested me to answer for him that the most striking instance of the truth being revealed by handwriting was in his own matrimonial venture, and the knowledge thus acquired has saved many explanations and misconstructions of his able helpmeet. Of course a dull person cannot possibly make a successful graphologist. Intention, clearness of judgment, excellent memory, and several other traits are *sine qua non* in the science. It takes, besides, a great deal of hard study.

Marjorie Daw.—1. I am afraid, if the laundress has so misused your underwear, that it won't be possible to restore its softness. A suds of pearline and pretty warm water might. 2. I don't undertand about hot water sponge cake, but will find out, if you will tell me what it means.

Bruff.—Some subjects for debate which you have not used are, *Resolved* that the reading of fiction is not beneficial to men and women. *Resolved*, that intemperance causes more misery than war. *Resolved*, that education is better capital than money. *Resolved*, that the rule of Oliver Cromwell did not benefit England. *Resolved*, that annexation is to be desired for mutual benefit of Canada and the United States. *Resolved*, that the earth is round, and not flat. This last needs a very strong and able negative and you will be surprised what a case they can make up. It is the funniest subject out.

Gauymedes et Deiopea.—Your nice little letter was handed to me minus the first page, so I don't know to whom it was addressed. 1. Too much bathing the face is not good. Massage it by the directions which Cousin Ruth gives in last week's Cosey Corner Chats. 2. Brushing the hair is more apt to make it curl. 3. Leave your face alone, and attend to your diet, body baths, clothing and exercise; you will soon look better if you do. 4. Washing the teeth with a brush won't take the enamel off. No need to scour them, you know. 5. About five feet six or seven. 6. Miss Robertson, the Editress of this paper, can inform you. 7. I do not allow graphological studies in this column. You had better look up the rules and you will not make the mistakes you do.

Minnie M. (Marshall)—If you have complied with the rules as you say you have done, you will certainly receive your delineation. Save the numbers of the Pictorial until you do, as sometimes, I am told, the notification has not reached the person notified for a fortnight after it has been posted from this office.

Jack o' Hazeldran.—There is a Gaelic society of some sort in Toronto. Ask ex-alderman Walker. He would be sure to know, and glad to tell you.

Dolores.—I don't know how to advise you about your mourning. Count up a little—dress, five yards of cashmere, at one dollar; one yard of crape at two dollars; gloves, one-fifty; hat or bonnet shape, fifty cents; veil of grenadine for bonnet or trimming for hat, one dollar and a half; and you have one dollar left for trimmings, buttons, thread and dressmaker—you can't do it with less than fifteen dollars, at least. I should not try to get the suit if I were you, but just wear a crape band on my left sleeve, leave off all colored ties and have a real nice pair of black gloves for best, and plain fine Jersey ones everyday. I think that would be much more sensible than to waste money on cheap mourning.

Lily and Subscriber.—The very nicest thing for your young people would be a cobweb party. You must buy half as many balls of five-cent string(American Fair) as you will have couples. Weave a cobweb in the bay-window or end of your parlor, and then fasten the ends of the twine to the cobweb, and carry the balls all over the house, knotting, twisting, and weaving them round, over and under the furniture, pictures, gas-jets and so on. When you have used half a ball, break the string, tie a small present on the end, and conceal it in some nook. Two strings can be got from each ball of twine. Have the "spiders" (gentlemen), choose the "flies" (ladies) by lot, or badge, and each couple take possession of a string at the cobweb and follow its windings until they find a prize. If you weave your strings carefully, it will take them some time. 2. Write names of well-known authors on slips of paper, and require each guest to write underneath a sentence or sentiment from one their works. This is easy and very good fun. Such comical sentences occur to you. 3. Five minute speeches are good on some amusing topic, for instance, "Should women vote?" Ayes and nays to take turns in answering. "Is kissing advisable?" "Are brothers a blessing or a bane?" "Should sisters be snubbed?" etc. This is a long answer, but your nice words about the paper have made me good-natured.

Mrs. H. (Bay City).—You will get your number as soon as your delineation is made. Please wait your turn.

Quiz.—I give you a note on the word you enquire about, which I found most opportunely in a March publication. "The word 'etiquette' is Anglo-Norman, and primarily had a somewhat different meaning from its present one. It formerly meant simply the ticket which was tied to the neck of bags or fastened to packages, to note their contents. Finally it seemed that the word came to be applied to cards given out at an entertainment, with certain rules of behavior for guests printed on them. Thus behavior was or was not 'the ticket,' or 'etiquette,' and the slang term 'just the ticket,' and our elegant word, 'etiquette' have the same derivation.

Keeping House in London.

An American taking a house in London will learn at the outside that she will have to keep more servants in the old country than in the new. These servants are trained, and one who is willing to engage to do many things is usually willing to take such a position because she is incompetent in everything. A small family there would keep a cook, a chambermaid and a waitress. The washing could be put out and a charwoman would be called in once a week to help with a general cleaning and clearing up. A very good cook can be had for one hundred dollars a year, a chambermaid for sixty dollars, and a small waitress for eighty dollars. The charwoman will be paid two shillings, or fifty cents, a day, and given her beer and food. The washing for such a family will cost from three to four dollars a week. In America such a family would have two women—one a cook, who would wash and iron, and another as chambermaid and waitress. The servants we have here too do more, but they do it more roughly and are totally deficient in that silent subservience which makes the trained English domestic perform the usual household duties with automatic celerity. Generally, you have to have a greater number of servants there than here, but wages are less and the feeding cost less. There, the servants do not expect to eat just what is provided for the family. Not at all. When the marketing is done, special things are brought for the servants, and they have a table of their own, the meals being served at a different hour, and the quality of food very much less in cost. They eat very little meat, most of it salt; the cheapest kind of fish, and then they have potatoes and greens and puddings with treacle. And they are provided with beer, unless in engaging servants it is stipulated that the engagement is without beer."

The Bee and Its Voice.

In a recent work on the bee, F. W. Cowan states that the insect can draw twenty times its own weight, can fly more than four miles an hour, and will seek food at a distance of four miles. By a beautiful mechanical adaption, its wings bear it forward or backward, with upward, downward, of suddenly arrested course. Its threefold voice organs are the vibrating wings, the vibrating rings of the abdomen, and a true vocal appartus in the breathing aperture or spiracle. The buzz is produced by the first two, and the hum—which may be "surely, cheerful, or colloquially significant"—by the vocal membrane. A number of the bee's notes have been interpreted. "Humm" is the cry of contentment; "Wuh-nuh-nuh" glorified the egg-layings of the queen; "Shu-u-u" is the note of young bees at play; "S-s-s-s" means the muster of a swarm; "B-r-r-r" the slaughter or expulsion of the drones; and the "Tu-tu-tu" of the newly hatched young queen is answered by the "qua-qua-qua" of the queens still imprisoned in their cells.

Just Like a Woman.

Just as I was going out to-day the lady in the rooms across the hallway of the apartment hotel begged to see me, (says a lady in a city paper.) She looked dreadful and she was half crying.

"Won't you please lend me a dress or a cloak? I have got to catch a train," she gasped.

She seemed to need a dress, but I knew her only slightly and I made up my mind she had gone mad.

"My trunks have all gone," she wailed. John is to meet me at the wharf. We sail for Europe in an hour. I simply can't miss the train. I have no one to turn to, I cannot get a dress made—you can see that yourself. If you have a human heart you will help me out. Give me a cloak—and a pair of shoes and a—thick veil. Oh please be quick."

I told her that she need rest and perfect quiet and that I would rub her head. I asked where she got the dress she had on.

"It's an old thing I was going to leave," she sobbed, "and I don't want my head rubbed. I want some clothes. You see, packing is such warm work. I decided to put on these old things and just slippers—you must give me shoes, too—and—oh! I shall miss that boat."

"My dear madam—"

"Oh! don't you understand?" she shrieked. "I have packed everything—everything. The clean clothes that I laid out and my traveling dress and everything—they are all packed—and gone. I forgot I had these tings on—and packed everything—everything, and John is at the wharf now, with the children from grandmother's, and you will not help me."

She went completely into hysterics right in my hallway. Poor little woman. She was a good deal smaller than I, but I fixed her up. I wonder what John said when he saw her.

Mention the Ladies Pictorial Weekly.

Waste Not.

It is a sad fact that there is, perhaps, more extravagance in bread—the real staff of life—then in ony other article. Pieces are thrown away, crumbs shaken into the fireplace, and crusts or "heels" of loaves allowed to get stale; whereas the careful housekeeper has a large dish on the top shelf of her pantry, in which every scrap and crumb of bread left unconsumed is placed. Once a week regularly these are dried—not browned—in the oven, then crushed on the pasteboard or pounded in a mortar, sifted through a wire sieve, and stored in an earthen jar. Not only are these breadcrumbs useful for making soles or cutlets, or for frying, but, soaked for some time in milk, they make the foundation of many sweet puddings which are both nutritious and economical, and of which the style and flavor can be varied to any extent.

Phrenology, MRS. MENDON, 237 McCaul Street, Toronto. 10-y
Mention the Ladies Pictorial Weekly.

INVALID LIFTER.
WANTED.—Every helpless invalid to know that they can be lifted, and moved from a bed to a rolling chair, or from one position to another, in or out of a carriage, with perfect ease and safety, by the use of The Cutting & Stelle Invalid Lifter. A helper that never grows weary. A wonderful invention! Mention this to helpless invalids. Pamphlet, four cents, in stamps.
J. B. KING, Hudson, Ohio.
Mention the Ladies Pictorial Weekly.

CONSUMPTION.
I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer who will send me their EXPRESS and P.O. address.
T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 186 ADELAIDE ST., WEST, TORONTO, ONT.
Mention the Ladies Pictorial Weekly.

Book Keeping learned at HOME
A complete course by mail. Most practical system yet devised. One person each place FREE. Write for circulars to-day. DUDLEY Corr. Business College, 377 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y. 10-5t
Mention the Ladies Pictorial Weekly.

DR. LaROE'S COTTON ROOT PILLS.
Safe and absolutely pure, the most powerful **Female Regulator known** The only safe sure and reliable pill for sale. Ladies ask your druggist for LaRoe's Star and Crescent Brand. **Take no other kind.** Guaranteed to relieve suppressed menstruations. Sold by all reliable Druggists, or Postpaid on receipt of price.
American Pill Company, Detroit, Michigan.
Mention the Ladies Pictorial Weekly.

FREE If you will mention where you saw this ad. and send your address on a postal, we will mail you two copies of the YOUNG FOLKS BEACON FREE. We offer grand premiums. Address: YOUNG FOLKS BEACON, Wiscarset, Me., U.S.A. 9-8t
Mention the Ladies Pictorial Weekly.

FRECKLES REMOVED. Absolutely CERTAIN and perfectly HARMLESS. I send receipt that you may make it yourself and know what is in it. *15 Cents.*
MARY WALLACE, 7 St. Paul St., Boston, Mass.
10-11n Mention the Ladies' Pictorial Weekly.

A GOLD WATCH FREE
And Other Elegant Articles to Those Who Can Read This Rebus.

The above is **honest advice** which we are interested in prescribing to every home. To secure a *trial* for **FORD'S PRIZE PILLS,** we intend to spend a certain amount in this manner of advertising and attracting attention to the merits of this medicine.
To the *first* person sending the correct answer to the above rebus we will give an elegant **Gold Watch,** fine workmanship and first-class timekeeper; to the *second* we will give a **Genuine Diamond Ring;** to the *third* a handsome **Silk Dress Pattern,** 16 yards in any color; to the *fourth* a **Coin Silver Watch,** and many other prizes in order of merit. To the person sending the *last* correct answer we will give an elegant **Gold Watch,** fine workmanship and first-class timekeeper; to the *next to the last* we will give a **Genuine Diamond Ring;** to the *third* to the last we will give a handsome **Silk Dress Pattern,** 16 yards in any color; to the *fourth* to the last we will give a **Coin Silver Watch,** and many other valuable articles in order of merit, counting from the last. **WE SHALL GIVE AWAY 100 VALUABLE PREMIUMS** (should there be so many sending in correct answers). No charge is made for boxing and packing of premiums. All answers must be sent in by mail **before April 10th, 1892.** Ten 3 cent stamps must be enclosed with answer for one box of FORD'S PRIZE PILLS. The names of the leading prize winners will be published in connection with our advertisement in leading newspapers next month. Extra premiums will be given to those who are willing to assist in introducing our medicine. Nothing is charged for the premiums in any way, they are absolutely given away to introduce and advertise Ford's Prize Pills, which are purely vegetable and act gently yet promptly on the Liver, Kidneys and Bowels, dispelling Headache, Fevers and Colds, cleansing the system thoroughly and cure habitual constipation. They are **sugar coated, do not gripe,** very small, easy to take, one pill a dose, and are purely vegetable. Perfect digestion follows their use. As to the reliability of our company, we refer you to any leading wholesale druggist or business house in Toronto. All premiums will be awarded strictly in order of merit and with perfect satisfaction to the public. Pills are sent by mail post paid. When you answer this rebus, kindly mention which newspaper you saw it in. Address **THE FORD PILL CO., Wellington St. West, Toronto, Can.**
Mention the Ladies' Pictorial Weekly.

OFFICE OF
HEINTZMAN & Co.
PIANO FORTE MANUFACTURERS.
OFFICE & WAREROOMS 117 KING ST WEST.
FACTORY TORONTO JUNCTION.

Toronto Feb 2nd, 189 2.

To Whom It May Concern:-

This is to certify that we have this day contracted with the publishers of the "Ladies' Pictorial Weekly" to ship for them two of the "Heintzman & Co's Upright Pianos, style D," valued at $350.00 each to the two successful contestants in their Prize History Competition, and have received their order for the same.

Respectfully,

Heintzman & Co
per S.L.H.

What he Could Do.

He looked up and down the street furtively two or three times, took in the sign over the door once or twice and darted in as if afraid of being caught at it.

"This is an employment agency, ain't it?" he enquired of the man in charge.

"Yes," snapped the person.

"Get work for people don't you?"

"Yepp."

"Any kind of work?"

"All kinds?"

"Yepp."

"Got something for me to do?"

"Yepp."

"In a restaurant?"

"Ye—what in thunder can you do in a restaurant?" exclaimed the boss catching himself.

"Eat."

Then he got the bounce.

Tobacco and the Potato.

It is since Queen Elizabeth's time, only four and a half centuries ago, that tobacco sugar and potatoes have been used, Sir Walter Raleigh being instrumental in estal lishing the use of all these in England.

The circumnavigator, Francis Drake, has the credit of introducing the potato to Europe, but the Spaniards had brought it with the tomato from the Andes some time before, and it was established there and in Italy, where they called it tartufoli, long before Sir Walter Raleigh shipped his cargo, in 1626, from Virginia to England. According to Humboldt, it has been cultivated in England since 1684, in Saxony since 1728, and since 1738 in Prussia.

The Lotus Eaters.

According to Homer, the lotus eaters were a people who lived on the northern coast of Africa, visiting by Ulysses in his wanderings, and who endeavoured to detain his companions by giving them the lotus to eat—whoever ate of this wished never to depart. The Arabs call the fruit of the lotus the "fruit of destiny," which they believe is to be eaten in Paradise. The lotus is a shrub two or three feet high; and its fruit, which is produced in great abundance, is a dwarf of the size of a wild plum, which has a pleasant, sweet taste. The name lotus has been given to several beautiful specimens of water lily, especially to the blue water lily, and the Egyptian water lily.

A Stork's Travels.

An interesting proof of the distant travels of a stork was discovered last spring in the neighborhood of Berlin. For a number of years a pair of storks built their nest annually in the park of the castle Ruheleben. A few years ago one of the servants placed a ring with the name of the place and date on the leg of the male bird, in order to be certain that the same bird returned each year. Last spring the stork came back to its customary place, the bearer of two rings. The second one bore the inscription: "India sends greetings to Germany."

Precise Old Gentleman (to applicant for position of office boy) —Young man, do you use tobacco? Applicant (hesitatingly)—what kind? Precise Old Gentleman severely)—any kind. Applicant—Glad yer ain't perticulur. I might have a chunk o' navy in me pocket, but I tell you one thing right now, Mister, I ain't goin' t'work here fur no dollar'n half a week and furnish terbacker fur de whole gang—see?

AN INVOLUNTARY VISIT.—Judge—If I let you off this time will you promise not to come back here again? Prisoner—Yes, sir. The fact is I didn't come voluntary this time.

A Georgian editor has a grievance against one of the railroads. He says that he is perfectly willing in return for an annual pass, to throw on wood at stations, help grease the engine, and assist in handling baggage; but when he breaks his leg while chasing a delinquent subscriber through the train, he should be allowed reasonable damages.

Professor—Mr. Smartman, you may name some of the more prominent 'ologies. Mr. Smartman—Biology, sociology, geology, astrology, and doxology.

A St. Louis woman has opened an office "for the cure of afflicted minds, cranks, lunatics, bigots and agnostics."

And Still They Go.

The following persons were awarded the solid gold watches for the day upon which their answers were received to the prize competition of the LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY, Toronto, Canada: Gertie Mealey, Hamilton, Ont.; Mrs. James G. Taylor, St. Catherines, Ont.; Mrs. J. Rice, Toronto, Ont.; Miss Minnie Harris, Ottawa, Ont.; Mrs. E. Sharpe, Rat Portage, Ont.: Mrs. Wm. McConnick, Winnipeg, Man.; Isabella D. Dustan, Toronto, Ont.; A. Davidson, St. John, N. B.; Mrs. Thos. Gill, Winnipeg Man.; Mrs. R. F. Rowan, Kingston, Ont.; Alice Rayner, St. Thomas, Ont.; Annie McMann, Hamilton Ont.; Miss Madge Hurdman, Ottawa, Ont.; Annie Allison, Toronto, Ont.; Lillie Wright, Ottawa, Ont.; Miss Hood, Woodstock, Ont.; Mrs. W. V. Murray, Halifax, N. S.; Miss Sands, Kingston, Ont.; Mrs. George Bookless Toronto, Ont.; Miss Sands, No. 2, Emily St., Kingston; Mrs. George Bookless, 249 Richmond St., W., Toronto; Abbie Clark, 507 Queen's Ave., London.

Watches and other prizes given away every day. If you have not entered this competition you should bear in mind that the LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY intends to make it a PERMANENT advertisement. Read full particulars in advertisement in this issue. Watches and other prizes awarded in the U. S., are shipped from our U. S. agency free of customs duty.

Origin of a Word.

In the Saxon's time the estates which the lords of manors granted to the freemen were at the first but for years, with a render of a rent, which in those days were of corn or of victuals, and thence the leases so made were called formes or farmes, which word signifyeth victuals; but times ensuing turned the victuals into money, and terms of years to terms of life and inheritance, retaining the rents and those called quit rents, or the rents of those persons who were acquitted or free.

Ladies seldom hit the nail on the head. They are more apt to hit the nail on the finger.

He had made an injudicious speculation in the city.

"Why, Henry!" she exclaimed, "whatever is the matter? You don't look like yourself at all!"

"I don't, eh?" he grunted, savagely. "Well, I'm glad to hear it. I'm very glad to hear it. Because, my dear, I'm a fool!"

NATURAL MISTAKE.—Near sighted old Lady (at the concert)—John, who is that Circassian beaut—" Nephew—Not so loud Aunt Rachel! That's Padrewski.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Mr. Impressionist—That's my last; there on the easel. Now, that is a picture, Squibbs! Squibbs—Yes, so it is. I can tell that by the frame.

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Lady Agents Wanted. Special inducements now. Good pay weekly. Experience unnecessary. Pleasant light work. Can devote all or part time. Terms and outfit free. Brown Bros. Co., Toronto.

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Goitre OR THICK NECK. I have a positive, Cleanly, Harmless Cure. Come if you can, or write me at 28 Livingstone St., Cleveland, O. DR. J. CASKEY.

It is no Iodine smear. Cure made Permanent.

Mention the Ladies' Pictorial Weekly.

WANTED, lady agents to canvass for "HOUSE and HOME, a complete house-wife's guide," by Marion Harland, the greatest living writer on household matters William Briggs, Publisher, Toronto.

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Are the **Instruments** of the cultured and refined. We **Invite** the attention of the Musical Public to

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We have decided to try the effect of direct advertising and correspondence, and thus lessen the expense and salaries of travellers, giving their customers the benefit of the saving effected.

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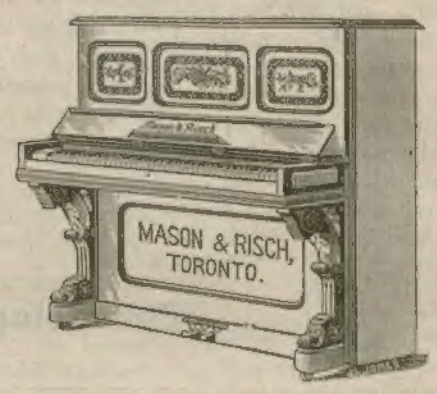

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As this is done to test the value of our Advertising, please state when writing the name of the paper in which you see this and we will mail you an elegant **piece of Music worth 50 cents free** with the Catalogue. State name, occupation and address. This offer stands for one month from date.

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UNPURCHASED PRE-EMINENCE,

We also beg to announce to the musical public that we have just taken the Agency for the

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Samples of which we have now on Exhibition in our Warerooms.

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Catalogues Sent Free on Application.

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TERMS—MODERATE.
77 JOHN STREET.
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When I say I cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again, I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give EXPRESS and POST-OFFICE.
H. G. ROOT, M. C., 186 ADELAIDE ST. WEST, TORONTO, ONT.
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AND THE BUSY WOMAN'S

"It is not only the 'Busy Man's Magazine,' but is especially adapted to the 'Busy Women'—such as most of us are."
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IT PLEASES EVERYBODY.

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Chicago Interior.—"*The Review of Reviews*, of New York, has come to the rescue of busy people. We know of one *high railroad official* who for a month has worked until 11 o'clock at night, and yet has kept well informed of current world events. He reads this Magazine. It gives him a running commentary on important events, besides a digest of the best articles in contemporary magazines."

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Send Ten Cents for Sample Copy. THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS, 13 Astor Place, New York.
Mention the Ladies' Pictorial Weekly.

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Our object is this—we are publishing the best ladies paper in this country and what we desire is to introduce it to married ladies who have not seen it. We want to send the LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY to your lady friend on TRIAL for ONE MONTH, and in order to secure her name we make you this offer:—If you will fill out and return to us the following coupon, together with ten two cent stamps we will send to you AN ELEGANT WORK OF ART FREE. The same as retails in any art store at ONE DOLLAR. This offer is only good for twenty days from this date. Remember that we require the name of a *married* lady.

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One Month's Trial Subscription.

LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY,
Building No. 192 King St. West, Toronto, Canada.

Please send to my address the **Elegant Work of Art,** as I send you herewith the name and address of a *married* lady friend who agrees to accept your Weekly *on trial for One Month.*

Name.....
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ONE MONTHS' TRIAL SUBSCRIBER.

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WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE IN IT?

THE BATTLE OF_____(?)

One of the most remarkable and terrible ever fought. The army of the general whose previous successes had terrified Europe was posted along the ascent with Hougoumont, and the general himself had taken up his stand in a farm house called the "Belle Alliance." The opposing forces were extended over an elevation in the Charleroi Road about two miles from the little village in Belgium which gave its name to the battle. Each commander was thus able to command a view of the whole field. The first general with better equipped and better drilled troops and unable to see the reserve force of the other was over confident. The second commander, supported by the brave old Prussian marshal, divided his troops into two lines and awaited the beginning of the battle. It was between eleven and twelve o'clock on Sunday the 18th of June, 1815, that the actual engagement began. The action opened with a brisk cannonade on the house and wood of Hougoumont which were held by the troops of Nassau. The contest continued here all day with terrible fury, but without being able to expel the .....who, although the building had been set on fire, maintained their post amid the flames. Frightful slaughter and great loss ensued. Terrific and resolute attacks were made by the.....cavalry on the.....centre, and at six in the evening the allied army had lost ten thousand men. Their opponents had suffered still more severely losing fifteen thousand soldiers. Then the great general on seeing the .....sweep the old guards before them exclaimed:

"All is lost for the present," and rode from the field. The battle was over.

QUESTIONS:—1st. Name the battle referred to in above description 2nd. What two nations were principally interested? 3rd. Give names of two principal commanders. 4th. Did defeated commander ever regain his position? 5th. Where did he die?

Toronto, February 2nd, 1892.

To Whom It May Concern:—

This is to certify that we have this day contracted with the publishers of the LADIES PICTORIAL WEEKLY to ship for them two of the "Heintzman & Co's. Upright Pianos, Style D.," valued at $350.00 each, to the two successful contestants in their Prize History Competition, and have received their order for the same.

Respectfully,
(Signed) HEINTZMAN & CO.

A Heintzman Upright Piano, valued at $350.00, will be given for the FIRST correct answers to the above questions and a PRIZE valued at from TEN TO TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS will be given for each of the next TEN correct answers received.

All correct answers are numbered and entered on our books as received.

$100.00 in Cash will be given for the correct answers to the above questions which is the MIDDLE one received during the Competition.

And a PRIZE valued at from TEN TO TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS will be given for each of the ten correct answers received next PRECEDING the middle one, DUPLICATE prizes will be given for the ten correct answers received next FOLLOWING the middle one.

A Heintzman Upright Piano, valued at $350.00, will be given for the LAST correct answers received before the close of this Competition.

And a PRIZE valued at from TEN TO TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS will be given for each of the ten correct answers received PRECEDING the last one.

Over $100 Given Away each Day in Special Prizes.
And the names of winners announced each day in the leading daily newspapers of Canada.

A **solid gold watch** will be given each day during this competition for the first correct answers received and opened at the LADIES PICTORIAL WEEKLY office upon that day. A handsome rich glass Berry Bowl mounted on an elegant silver stand of the best quadruple plate, our price of which is $16.00 will be given to EACH province and state daily for the first correct answers received and opened upon that day.

EXPLANATION:—As the Publishers of the LADIES PICTORIAL WEEKLY do not consider it advisable that the names of the winners of either of the pianos should be announced until the close of this contest, no daily prize will be awarded for the first correct answers received on THE FIRST DAY; The sender of such necessarily being the winner of the first piano.

In awarding the daily prizes the second correct answers received from the province or state, which have carried off the solid gold watch for that day will be awarded the Berry Bowl mounted on a silver stand, this is to prevent the first recived from that province or state from securing both the watch and berry bowl on that day.

AWARD OF PRIZES:—A committee consisting of a representative from each of the six Toronto daily newspapers will be invited to act in the award of the prizes at the close of this competition. One hundred dollars in cash will be paid for proof of any unfairnes or partiality in the award of the prizes.

CONDITIONS:—Answers must be accompanied by one dollar for six months TRIAL subscription to the LADIES PICTORIAL WEEKLY which will be sent to any address in Canada or United States that contestant desires, decision will be based on the correctness of the answers rather than on the language used in answering. Answers may be mailed any time before May 15th, 1892, as the prizes are equitably divided over entire time competition is open, persons can enter at any time with an equal opportunity of securing one of the leading prizes. No corrections can be made after answers are mailed unless another six months trial subscription to the LADIES PICTORIAL WEEKLY is enclosed with corrections. THE LADIES PICTORIAL CO. is an established and financially responsible publishing concern who offer the above prizes purely as a legitimate manner of attracting attention to their elegant sixteen page illustrated weekly. The purpose is to introduce it (on trial) into every possible home in Canada and the United States. It is intended to make each prize winner a permanent advertisement for the merits of the Weekly. Each daily prize winner must secure from amongst their circle of friends at least two new six months trial subscriptions, and every winner of a leading prize must renew their trial subscription for an entire year. By this plan we shall introduce the Weekly into at least ten thousand new homes, it is simply a business plan of increasing our circulation. Address LADIES PICTORIAL WEEKLY Building 192 King Street W, Toronto, Can.

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PHIRSTNITER (who wishes to be eloquent).—"What are you thinking of Miss De Footlighte? Dreaming with Parthenia, weeping with Juliet, or wandering with Rosalind through the Arden forests?

MISS DE FOOTLIGHTE (of the earth earthy).—"No, I was just wondering if I had time to have a sandwich and a bottle of beer sent in before I go on in the next act."

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If Rupture descends, send **$7.00** for Single; **$10.00** for Double. If it does not descend, send **$5.00** for Single, or **$8.00** for Double.

State nearest size (Pigeon, Hen or Goose Egg), also which side is largest.

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Small, . .	**$3.50**
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Double, one-third more. Send price. By return mail goods are sent prepaid and registered, with a 5-year guarantee and privilege to exchange, if not soiled.

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Appliances for all deformities made on most improved pattern. Persons born with club feet can have same made natural without operation.

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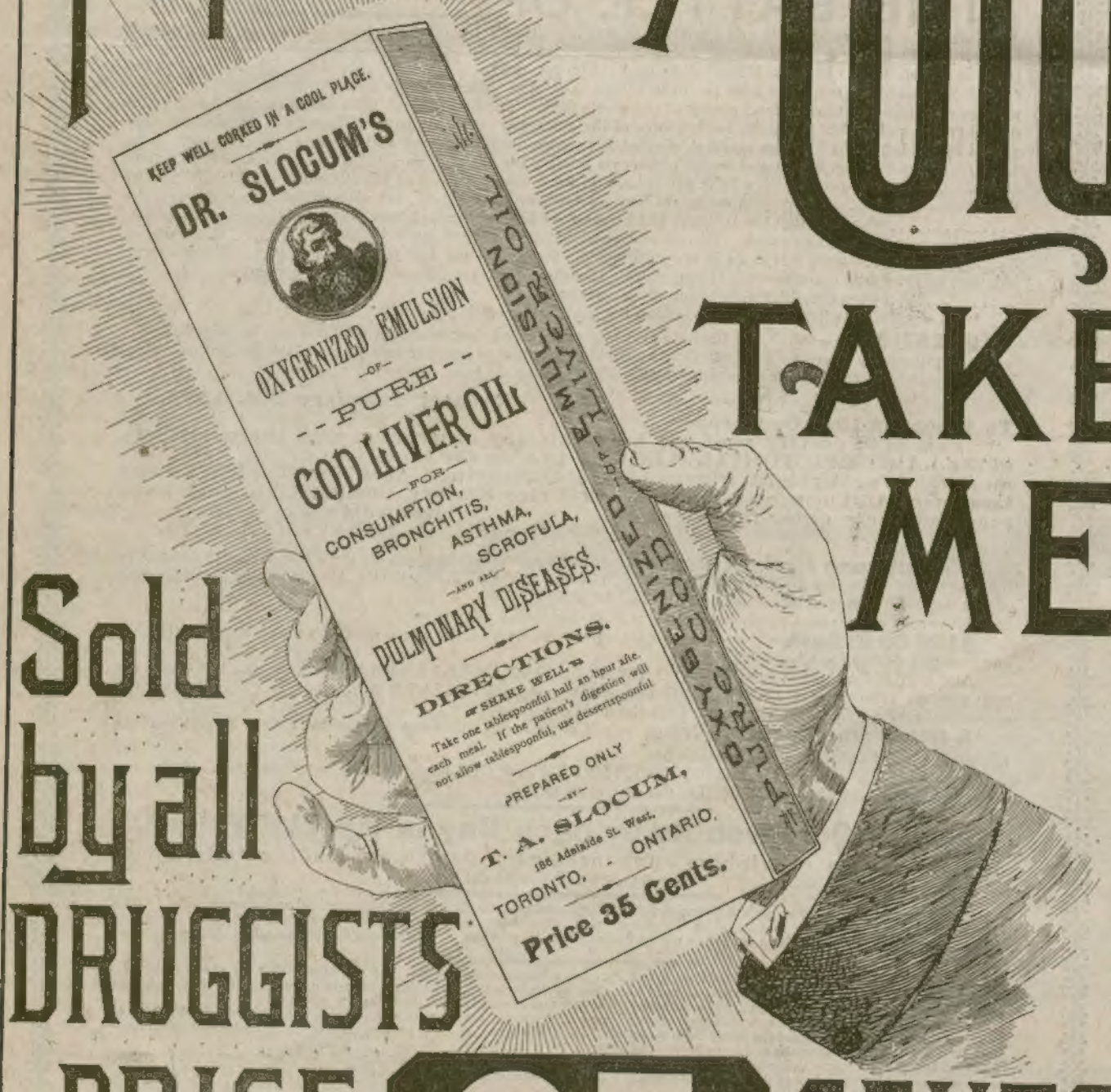

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